

THE  
**CHURCH MISSIONARY**  
**GLEANER.**

1870.

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"SO SHE GLEANED IN THE FIELD UNTIL EVEN."—RUTH ii. 17.

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**VOL. XX.**

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## CONTENTS.

### Missionary Intelligence.

WEST AFRICA.	PAGE	CEYLON.	PAGE
Letter written by the Wife of a Missionary on returning to Sierra Leone . . . . .	127	Anagihamy of Dodanduwa . . . . .	22
YORUBA.		Talampitiya—How the Work was begun . . . . .	83
Badagry . . . . .	42	Colombo . . . . .	68
Notices of Ibadan, Ijaye, and Oyo . . . . .	138	Baddagama . . . . .	103
NIGER.		CHINA AND JAPAN.	
Examination of the Bonny School Children . . . . .	27	Murder by Robbers of a Missionary . . . . .	10
MEDITERRANEAN.		China, its great need . . . . .	18
Sunday at Nazareth . . . . .	89	Fuh-Chau . . . . .	37
BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA.		Country Outstation Work . . . . .	39
Lucas Maloba . . . . .	70, 73	Yu-yiao and its Converts . . . . .	52
The Dhesera Ceremony in Kandeiah . . . . .	99	Yu-yiao . . . . .	63
CALCUTTA AND NORTH INDIA.		Missionary Itinerancy in the neighbourhood of Ningpo . . . . .	121
Women of India . . . . .	1	Invitation to Prayer . . . . .	123
The Brahmo Somaj . . . . .	12	Japan . . . . .	118, 144
Mohun Sing . . . . .	15	MADAGASCAR.	
Mandalay . . . . .	20	Tidings from Madagascar . . . . .	186
Signs of Progress . . . . .	41	NEW ZEALAND.	
The Brahmos . . . . .	81	How the Work died out . . . . .	115
Zenana Work . . . . .	83	NORTH-WEST AMERICA.	
Jireemoty Gunesh Shundoree Debi . . . . .	94	Metlahkatlah . . . . .	55
Benares . . . . .	106	A Letter from Stanley . . . . .	58
the late Rev. J. W. Knott . . . . .	111	Sufferings of the Indians in the James' Bay Districts . . . . .	79
Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to Benares . . . . .	139	Missionary Work around James' Bay . . . . .	85
The Leper Asylum, Calcutta . . . . .	142	Fort Youcon . . . . .	125
MADRAS AND SOUTH INDIA.		MISCELLANEOUS.	
New Church at Kovilluttu, Tinnevely . . . . .	31	The Refining Process . . . . .	4
Floods in Tinnevely . . . . .	45	The Maronites of the Lebanon . . . . .	6
Travancore and its Mission Work . . . . .	49	The Lone Places of the Earth . . . . .	13
Mavelicars . . . . .	61	"The Dark Places" . . . . .	25
Springing of the Seed . . . . .	64	Lahul . . . . .	57
Mengnanapuram, Tinnevely . . . . .	97	The Camel . . . . .	109
It costs much to be a Christian . . . . .	128	Lahoul . . . . .	130
		Cremation of the late King of Siam . . . . .	141

# CONTENTS.

## Poems.

	PAGE
"If there be first a willing mind, a man is accepted according to what he hath, and not according to that he hath not" . . . . .	77

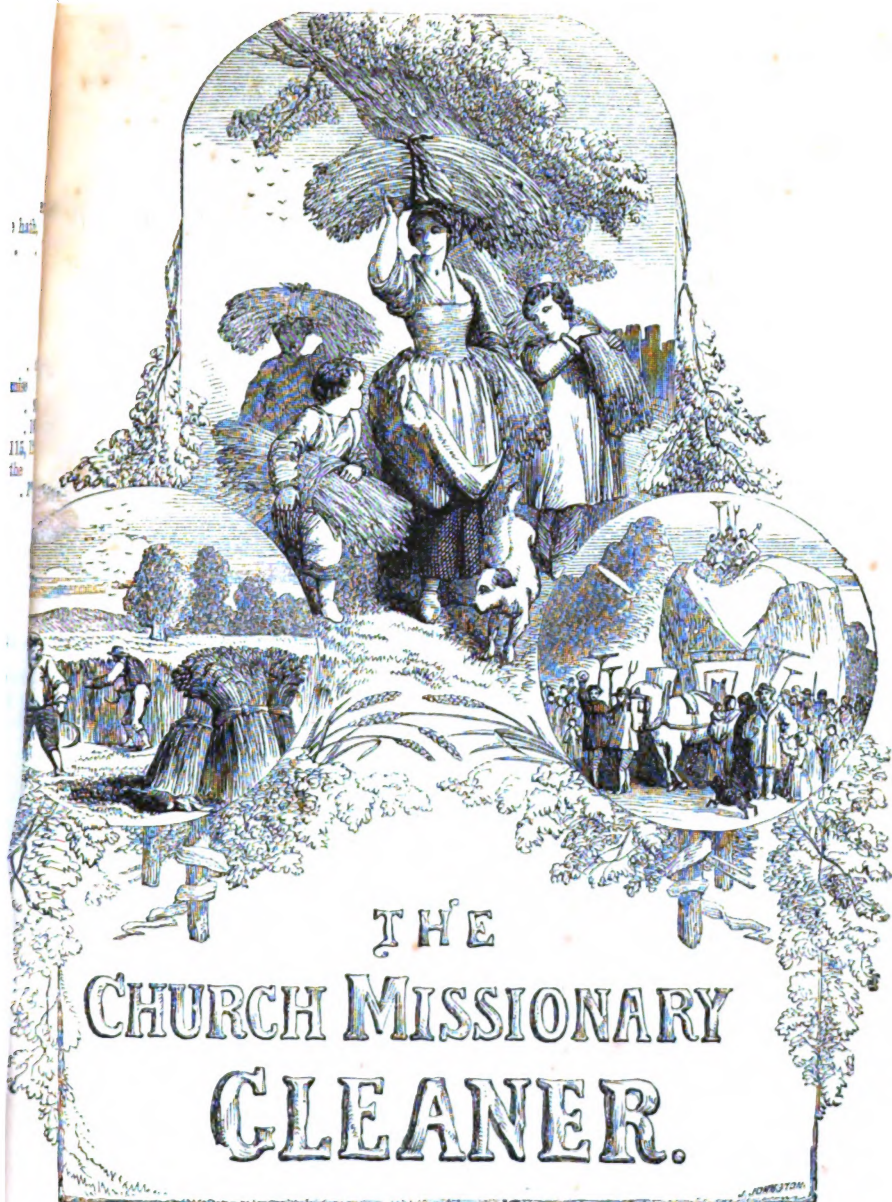
## Poetry.

Redeemed . . . . .	9	"Coming!" . . . . .	82
Philippians, ii. 27 . . . . .	17, 102	Hymn—"Oh Saviour is thy Promise Fled . . . . .	93
"I've found the Pearl" . . . . .	36	Poem by the late Archd. Phelps . . . . .	102
"At Evening time it shall be light". . . . .	48	The Labourers are few . . . . .	115, 126
The Tidal Wave in the Dzao-ngo River, Che-Kiang, China, Nov. 12, 1867 . . . . .	54	"There shall no evil happen to the just" . . . . .	120
Frailty by Man (From the Tamil) . . . . .	67		

## Illustrations.

Group of Mahratta Females . . . . .	(Frontispiece).
The Lone Places of the Earth . . . . .	18
Ceremony at the Interment of a Kaffir Queen . . . . .	25
Southern Suburbs of Fuh-Chau . . . . .	37
Mavelicara Church, Travancore . . . . .	49
Missionary Bungalow, Mavelicara . . . . .	61
Sharanpur . . . . .	78
Junction of Moose and Abbitibbi Rivers . . . . .	85
Mengnanapuram Church, Tinnevely . . . . .	97
The Caravan in the Desert . . . . .	109
Western Gate, Peking . . . . .	121
Onikeku entreating leave to remain a Christian . . . . .	183





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GROUP OF MAHARRATTA FEMALES. (From a Photograph.)

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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## WOMEN OF INDIA.

THE women of India have hitherto been the stronghold of the god of this world. They have been surrendered to the influence of evil, as though not worthy of being rescued from it. They have been abandoned to ignorance, and have, in consequence, been the slaves of the popular superstitions, and the teachers of degrading rites to their children, and thus error and vice have been handed down from mother to child, and from generation to generation. In what disadvantageous circumstances has not Christianity been placed, with half the population against it, and this half possessing such strong home influence; for such influence women do exercise behind the purdah? Abroad they are nowhere, but at home they are everywhere; and the inquisitive interference of the mother is felt throughout the arrangements. How many a son, who, during his education, has come to see the folly of idols, and, seeking rest for his soul, peace for his conscience, and power over his sins, desires to embrace Christianity, and give himself to Christ, has been hindered by his mother's influence, now awed by her threats, now pained by her tears?

Certainly, if we are to make way in India, Indian women must be rescued from the power of evil: as they are, they are the Redan of the whole system. To this our most prayerful efforts must be directed, that we may win over a portion of them. We have already a first-fruits. They are not many, but, by the blessing of God, they will become more.

Girls' schools were first tried. It was very difficult to keep them afloat, for they had to contend against the strongest prejudices of the heathen. Usually boys' schools had to be tried first; then, when this had softened prejudices, girls' schools might be introduced.

The school-girls grouped together in our engraving are Mah-rattas—they might have been Bengalees, or Punjabees, or Telugus, or Tamils, for all over India, Mission Schools for girls are to be found. And now the Zenanas are beginning to open, and the upper classes to be reached; and in the large cities of India are to be found European ladies who have come out from home for such a work as this, who, winning their way into private homes, are there welcomed, and teach young wives and daughters blessed things, which they knew nothing of before.

But we will give some pictures. Here is a sketch of work in a girls' school at Bangalore—

You must come with me in fancy through the streets of the native town, until we reach one of our school-houses. A tremendous din proclaims the fact that to-day is no feastday, and that the school is in full working order. We will enter, if you please, and watch the children. About nineteen or twenty little ones are assembled : eight or nine of these are learning their lessons or reading with the master, and the infant part of the assembly are shouting the alphabet. This is the day that the infant-school children should collect, and, considerably after time, they come in groups of ten or twelve from the other schools, and now, since they are assembled and seated in rows on the floor, I will give them their lesson. My first order is, "Fold arms." Of course I speak in Canarese, but I give it in English for your benefit. Instead of obeying my order, the children with one voice shouted, "Fold arms!" I then said, "Do not repeat my words, but do as I say." "Do not repeat my words, but do as I say," is shouted by the children.

I make another effort. "Listen to me : fold your arms, and don't speak." Listen to me : fold your arms, and don't speak," re-echo the class. "Be silent ; you must not speak unless I ask you a question," I said this time, quite puzzled how to stop the repetition. "Be silent ; you must not speak unless I ask you a question," shout my echo. I stood almost in despair ; but at last, with the help of the young girl who assisted me, I made them understand what I wanted, and obtained a little silence, but, although modified, it was weeks before they learned to reflect enough to answer even the simplest question.

Let me now have the pleasure of taking you with me when I went to the school to give a Bible lesson on "The Lord is my stay."

We enter the school : seated on a sort of temporary gallery in the central school-house are about sixty or seventy children. To-day the infant children belonging to the other schools have not gathered ; the united-central school children only are present. At the time of our entrance they are receiving a form or a colour lesson. It is almost finished, and after giving them some exercises, they fold arms and sit tolerably quiet.

The Bible lesson is ended, and so we will now conclude our visit. As we take our departure, a deafening shout of salaam greets us from the band of little ones.

Remember me and these dear children at a throne of grace. *Farewell.*

We shall now transfer our readers to Lucknow and look in on the work carried on there by the wives of our Missionaries. Mrs. Fuchs is the writer of the following extracts—

Our orphan girls are a comfort and help to me. They had a happy Christmas, as we always have the Christmas gifts of the girls and our own family celebration together. I got some wooden toys and little boxes from Benares for them, and, besides this, each had a plateful of fruit and sweetmeats, and a pretty pink petticoat, for best wear. The girls sit at church always next to me, and I could not help thinking that they looked



like a garden of roses, in their neat, clean, simple attire, and I prayed that the sweet smell of Christian holiness, faith and love be, through the Lord's grace, given to them.

The bazaar school is attended by forty girls: they are removed as soon as they are able to earn something, but most have a good store of Bible knowledge and the art of reading acquired before they leave us. About eight months ago I opened an infant school. Eliza, who was with me at Benares from the time she was a little thing, is the teacher. There are twenty pupils, the youngest orphans, and the little ones of the native Christians. Some are scarcely able to toddle, but they said their hymns nicely, and answered the Bible questions readily.

About four months ago I opened a school for the poor women in our neighbourhood; first our Christians assembled at our house, and we all united in prayer that the blessing of the Lord might rest on this undertaking, and certainly the school has gone on beautifully. Four Christians and fourteen Hindn and Mussulman women attend. At twelve o'clock the women assemble. They have first a short lesson, then they are taught needlework till three o'clock. During the work they are taught to repeat simple Bible stories, and learn hymns and songs by heart, and sing them. Many of these women never before had a needle in their hand: they are now doing plain needlework neatly. I keep them in needles and thread, and what they earn is their own.

Eliza, who teaches the infants in the morning, has the women in the afternoon.

The four zenana schools are going on satisfactorily, except that the many feasts and festivities and weddings among the Mussulmans bring a good deal of interruption, which cannot be avoided. The girls admire our hymns very much. I take, sometimes, some of my elder girls with me, to give the zenana girls a singing lesson, and it is really astonishing how soon they catch a tune. Many of the Zenana people came to our house to learn needlework, and my orphans helped to instruct them till my illness put an end to this; but I have now, for about two months, engaged Elizabeth, the wife of one of our catechists, who goes to the zenana schools in turn, and gives the working lesson in some of the schools. The women of the neighbourhood have asked permission to come and partake of the instruction in needlework, which I have granted gladly.

Some time ago an old princess, widow of a former king, sent me word that she had a great desire to become acquainted with me, and, as I heard that she was considered a very religious woman, and had just sold everything, and was preparing to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, I was equally anxious to see her, thinking she must be a soul longing after salvation, and seeking it according to the light she had; so I sent a very friendly letter to say that I heard she was anxious to walk the way to heaven, and so was I, and gladly would I converse with a fellow-traveller on the right road. So the old lady visited me once in my own house, and once came to the "grazilhog" school to see me, but never was I more disappointed in my life. I could see that she had been once good-looking—ladylike she was still. She wore fan-shaped trousers of crimson satin, the edges bordered deeply with yellow and green silk and gold. She wore a bodice of white

gauze with gold borders, a veil of the same material with a deep gold border round the hem. She was painted and perfumed, and loaded with jewels: some seemed very valuable, especially the beautiful large pearls she wore in her ears. After the first salutations were over she said (as Orientals generally talk) that the praise of my name had reached her; that it was reported among the ladies in the city that I was a great "tadri" (divine) and a great "hakim" (doctor), and that she had therefore been most anxious to consult me, hoping I might know how to make her young again, at least in appearance! I gave her some simple medicines for her ailments, but told her the only receipt against old age was to have our hearts renewed by grace; that though our outward man decays, our inward man becomes more beautiful, more in the likeness of Him who was the most beautiful of men, and whose blood washes away our impurity. I do not know if she has tried this receipt.

### THE REFINING PROCESS.

GOLD is often found in its natural state; it is then called native or pure gold. Nevertheless it is not so pure as to be without alloy. Now there are several kinds of artistic workmanship for which gold is needed, and for which the gold that has any alloy mixed with it is unfitted. The alloy lessens the malleability of the gold, that is, the peculiar property which it has of being beaten out by the hammer, and makes it hard. It is thus that the sovereign in current use is hard, because in it there is one part of copper united with eleven parts of gold, and this proportion of alloy gives it the hardness which fits it for circulation. Thus, unless the alloy be removed from the native gold, gold leaf and silver leaf could not be made.

This renders necessary the refining process. A vessel is provided called a cupel. It is made of bone ashes, and possesses the property of absorbing, so that when a metal is melted in it and scum is thrown off the cupel absorbs it.

This vessel being put in the furnace is made red hot. The native gold is then placed in it, and the heat of the furnace increased until it becomes sufficiently intense to melt the gold. The refining process is now going on, and the refiner sits before the furnace tempering the heat. After a time the alloy, which cannot endure the heat, begins to be destroyed, and resolves itself into scoria or scum. The gold, on the other hand, melts indeed, but remains gold, being indestructible by the action of the fire. The scum works up to the surface of the agitated mass, and there it liquifies, and, running off to the sides of the cupel, is there absorbed, leaving a black ring or mark behind it. At length, of the alloy nothing is left, except a thin film on the surface of the gold. On this begin to appear beautiful rainbow tints. They are exceedingly vivid, and intersect one another with a quick motion, until, suddenly disappearing, they reveal the gold in one luminous mass, cleansed from its alloy. The cupel is removed from the fire, and the gold, which has passed through this process, is fit for any of those higher and more delicate purposes for which the jeweller needs it.



God's people, who, by His Spirit working through a faithfully preached Gospel, have been brought to Him through Christ, are precious in His eye. There is in them that faith which is the expression of a gracious work within the soul, and which is the gift of God,—“He that wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who hath also given us the earnest of His Spirit.” But although they are thus as gold, yet they are like native gold, not without alloy. In new converts especially, recently found and brought out of heathenism, like gold out of the sandy beds of rivers, or out of the quartz rock, there is much of this alloy. Although they may be genuine and thoroughly in earnest, yet many of their old heathen prejudices cling to them. Still more if we have to consider, not a single convert, but many such persons, who very recently and rapidly have been brought out from heathenism to Christianity: then they are not all genuine: there are some as the pure gold, but there are others like the alloy, who have been led, from various unworthy motives, to profess Christianity.

Now the first converts in a kingdom or province are needed for a special purpose. They are to be an example to the heathen of what Christianity is, and they are so to exemplify it as to recommend it. They have to prove that they are themselves under its influence and power, by giving up their old sinful ways and appearing before their countrymen as new creatures; so that people shall take notice of them, and be led to say—“Mr. Sing-sang is not what he used to be: he was an inveterate opium-smoker. Nor was he that only, but there were other vices in which he lived. But he is such no longer. Since he embraced this new religion he has become a changed man.”

Attracting attention in this way by their own consistency, they are thus active among their countrymen, using their influence for good, and being ready to give to every one that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear; thus being in the midst of them as the salt of the earth, and as lights in the world.

Such is the high office which the first converts to Christianity, in a country are intended to fulfil. But if there be much alloy in the gold, it is not fit for such a purpose. If there be false professors in the lump, they damage the influence and action of the Christian body. If some adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, others disgrace it by continuing in their old practices. In these latter cases, it is the old man who has thrown Christianity over him like a veil; but a profession of Christianity, while, constituting a thick, warm and becoming garment to a genuine professor, to a false one becomes very rapidly as thin as gauze, so that his vices and deformities cannot be concealed. His countrymen soon see through his thin disguise, and despise him and his new religion. Such men are a great hindrance. They are like the alloy in the gold, which impairs its malleability, so that it does not yield to the action of the hammer; and so the Christian body, injured by the presence of such men, does not fulfil the purposes of God as fully as He desires it, and as is absolutely necessary in order to excite inquiry, and set Christianity in movement throughout the masses.

In such circumstances, the refining process is resorted to, and the whole body is subjected to the action of the furnace. Persecution is

permitted to come upon the infant church. There is great tribulation. The gold melts ; the true-hearted ones among them suffer severely, but, although severely tried, they hold fast their profession ; while the fictitious ones, like the alloy, unable to endure the fiery ordeal, degenerate into scum, apostatize, and disappear. The gold endures because it is gold—"They are in heaviness, by reason of many temptations. Nevertheless "the trial of their faith, being much more precious than that of gold which perisheth, is found to praise and glory and honour." The fictitious portion of the body backslides and disappears. It does so because it is not gold but alloy—"They went out from us because they were not of us ; for if they had been of us, no doubt they would have continued with us ; but they went out from us, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."

The gold, after the refining process, is less in bulk, but purer from base admixture. The Christian body is diminished in number, but is more reliable in quality. It can now be used for purposes for which previously the presence of so much alloy unfitted it. "I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."

Our first converts in the Fuh-chau province in China have been passing through such trials. They have been in the midst of a fiery persecution. Some of the choicest of the number have been the greatest sufferers. The old gentleman at Lo-nguong, who so liberally fitted up the Mission chapel at his own expense, and presented it as a suitable place of worship for the service of the Gospel, has had the grief of seeing the building, on which he had bestowed so much pains, utterly wrecked ; he has also himself been sadly beaten, and his property ruined. Timothy, our faithful catechist, whose labours amongst his countrymen have been so blessed, has been beaten in the most cruel manner. He received twenty-seven strokes with an iron rod on his face ; all his teeth have been knocked out, and his jaw broken. He was then cast into one of the loathsome prisons of China, and there it is reported that he has died.

The gold, although reduced to a molten state, is not destroyed : it remains gold. The Christians as a body have stood firm. They have not flinched in the fiery ordeal. Personally they will be themselves improved. More steadfast and more spiritual, they will become better fitted for the Lord's work.—"When thou hast tried me I shall come forth as gold."

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#### THE MARONITES OF THE LEBANON.

It is marvellous how often adverse events are, by the overruling providence of God, made to work for good. Not ten years ago the region of the Lebanon, those glorious mountains which lie about the heads of Jordan, and close in Palestine to the north, were miserably distracted. Tribe rose against tribe—the Maronite against the Druses, and the Druses against the Maronites, and fearful massacres were perpetrated. It was a bitter time, and brought with it on both parties heavy tribulation, and yet those sorrows seem to

have been like the plough breaking up the hard ground; for before there was little opportunity of giving Gospel instruction to either Druse or Maronite, so prejudiced were they, and in the valleys of the Lebanon the good seed fell as on a rock. But now both tribes are humbled.

To the scriptural schools, which, commencing at Beirut, are penetrating into the valleys, and shining like lights in a dark place, they send their children readily, and a spirit of inquiry is gathering strength which the bigoted priesthood can no longer check. In a village called "Mezraat Jeshua," or village of Joshua, a movement of this kind has commenced. The particulars are thus described by one of the American Missionaries—

About the 1st of January, 1869, four men called on Dr. Thomson, in Beirut, declaring themselves Protestants, and stating that half of their village sympathized with them. They were of the Maronite sect, bigoted papists, brought up in stolid ignorance, knowing almost nothing of their own religion, and absolutely nothing of evangelical Gospel religion; yet they had become Protestants, and wished a preacher and a teacher! The case looked suspicious. They went away and came again, and then the third time. We conversed with them, telling them plainly that their stories did not agree together, and we had little confidence in them. Finally they told the whole state of the case.

There was a deadly feud in the village. Eighteen months ago, one of the men, Antone, came to Beirut and bought a book—"Isaac Bird's Thirteen Epistles." He and another man read it. The other man was a Shidiak, in training for the Maronite priesthood. Their reading of the book put them both under the curse of the Bishop, Yusef Jajah, a man of almost supreme despotic power in that part of Lebanon.

The family of these two men, the house of Mukaiyer, took their part; the other leading family, the house of Joshua, took sides with the Bishop.

In September 1868 a large body of the Joshua party attacked some of the Mukaiyers, mortally wounding one, and badly bruising twelve. The case was tried, and Franco Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, fined the Joshuaites thirteen thousand piasters (about 520 dollars, gold) as the price of blood. This seemed to intensify the alienation between the parties. The Mukaiyers, having been taunted as Protestants for a year, abused by the Bishop, and one of their house murdered, now determined to become Protestants in fact.

When they came to ask me to go up and preach to them, I saw that their ideas of the Gospel were utterly rude and indefinite. They seemed determined to have Protestantism, whatever it might be. Not one of them had any conception of spiritual religion, but they threw wide open the door, and invited us to enter in. "Here," said one of them, "are three hundred souls, men, women and children, ready to accept your religion. We are Protestants. Come and tell us what that means. Tell us how to pray, and how to live, and what to do. Give us a teacher. We have done with the priests and bishops. We want our village of Yeshua (Joshua) to become the village of Yesua (Jesus)."

The opportunity was too good to be lost. There is not a Protestant in that part of Lebanon. It is the citadel of Maronite power, and no Protestant Missionary had ever yet been able to preach a sermon there. So I determined to go at all hazards.

I found the men, women and children all eager to hear the word. They had always been taught by their priests that Protestants had no religion at all, that they are worse than the Moslems, and that they are in communication with the devil.

At sunset they began to assemble. A huge fire was built in the middle of the low, long room, and the thick smoke, mingled with the smoke of pipes and cigars, soon filled the house, so that I could hardly see my hand before my face. Tears came unbidden. With the aid of a small lamp, I succeeded in reading a chapter or two in the Arabic Testament, which I expounded in the most simple manner possible.

There are two thousand monks, and nearly a hundred monasteries, within fifty miles, along the Lebanon range. Twelve monasteries and one nunnery are in sight from this village. Two of the former have singular names. One is *Deir es Sairde Tameesh*, or the Convent of our Lady *Artemis*, that is, our Lady *Diana*, one of the Syrian names of the Virgin *Mary*. There was formerly a stone image of *Diana* on the mountain-side, and the monks adopted the Arabic name *Artamees* as the name of their convent, modifying the name in Syriac to *Tameesh*. The convent stands in the place of the image, and the Virgin *Mary* bears the name of *Diana*.

These monasteries have appropriated the best landed estates in Lebanon. The fine fountains, the rich gardens of olives, figs and mulberry, and the best arable land, belong to them, while in many places the people are only tenants at will of the monks. This renders the introduction of the Gospel among them next to impossible, for the moment a man accepts the truth he is turned out of house and home.

The great besetting sin of the village is wine-drinking. In every house there are several huge earthen jars filled with wine, and they drink it daily. Several men of the village have become drunkards. At every meal wine was brought, and almost forced upon us, but we refused to touch it. We read to them *Prov. xx. 1* ; *Prov. xxiii. 29—31* ; *Isaiah xxviii. 7* ; *Prov. xxiii. 20* ; and *Hab. ii. 15*.

They admitted that wine was intoxicating, and that their village had a bad reputation for drunkenness. The women seemed delighted at the thought of giving up wine-drinking, and one said, "Your words about the Virgin *Mary* were hard to bear, but if the men will give up wine, we can give up the Virgin." This part of Lebanon is famous for its vineyards and wine, and the people are more given to excessive drinking than those of any districts I have known. If they will not give up this habit for the sake of the Gospel I shall have little hope.

On leaving for Beirut, a company of men and women met to bid me farewell. They were evidently in great trepidation. The vial of the bishop's wrath had begun to be poured out. The greater excommunication had been read in all the Maronite villages against the *Mezraat* Protestants. One of the more intelligent of the women said, "Do not expect these poor ignorant people to stand the storm. It is

coming already." I left Ishoc, the colporteur, to preach, charging him to comfort and encourage them, and keep us informed of the state of things.

*Saturday, February 20*—The almond blossoms have begun to fall. A tempest from the south-west is scattering the white flowers in the dust . . . . The Mezraat blossoms, too, will, I fear, bring little fruit this season. Last night, between eight and nine o'clock, Ishoc, the native preacher, appeared, bringing all the books and baggage I had left in the village. Two stout muleteers, sent by the bishop, brought him down post haste, free of charge. The story is a short one. From the time I left the village the storm increased. Priests and Sheikhs poured in from the surrounding villages, threatening the poor people with vengeance if they did not return to the Maronite fold. "We will burn your houses, cut down your trees, poison your cattle, and shoot you, if you do not drive out the Gospel heretics." The women and children were frightened. Three of the men went up to see the bishop. "Ah," said he, "I am glad to see you. Don't be afraid." Then he called his servants to bring refreshments, gave them wine until all three were so drunk they could not get back to the village. Nukhly, the Shidiak, he promised to ordain priest, and raise to high honour. Others he promised that their debts should be paid, but if they remained Protestants he would grind them to powder.

There was no sleep in the village. For three days crowds flocked in from other villages, to all of whom Ishoc boldly preached the Gospel. At length, on Friday afternoon, the people begged him to leave, saying that the house in which he stayed would be burned if he did not go. Two of the leading men wrote me a letter, which he brought, begging my pardon, and stating that the fire was so hot they should all be consumed unless Ishoc came away; and, in conclusion, implying that they should all go back to the Maronites for the present.

*March 2*—On Sunday, Feb. 27, one of the Mezraat men appeared, bringing a letter from "the Evangelicals of Mezraat Yeshua." They state, 'fifteen or twenty men stand firm, and meet every night to read, and sing, and pray. Our zeal increases, and every night there is great earnestness among us. Although we are far from you, yet we picture you in our inmost hearts, and, as the apostle says, we are with you in spirit. We hope you will not forget to aid us and pray for us. Now since writing is a part, even a half of actual personal intercourse, please favour us with a reply, assuring us of your safety. We beg you, if possible, send us some one on Saturday, to preach and teach on Sunday. We have cast all our hope for salvation on Christ. To His name be all worship and praise.' So the blossoms have not all come to naught.

---

### REDEEMED.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

Redeemed ! redeemed !  
The word went forth from the Father's throne,  
And a flood of light from his blessed Son  
Upon the suppliant streamed ;

And the angel-host with one accord  
Sent forth a shout and song,  
For another soul by their blessed Lord  
Was promised to their throng.

Forgiven ! forgiven !  
The words went up as the thunder's roll,  
And on the humble trembling soul  
The echoes fell from heaven ;  
And the angels touched the silver strings  
Of their harps, and caught the word,  
Veiled their glad faces with their wings,  
And bowed before the Lord.

Rejoice ! rejoice !  
Great was the sound of joy above,  
And brighter seemed the realms of love,  
Sweeter the angel's voice ;  
And all because one weary heart  
Had courage to be blest ;  
Had taken up the better part,  
And bathed its wings in rest.

#### MURDER BY ROBBERS OF A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

It is with deep regret we learn the death of an English Missionary in China, at the hands of a band of robbers, about forty English miles from Tientsin, on the west side of the Grand Canal—a Missionary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. James Williamson, stationed at Tientsin. He had set out, in company with a brother Missionary, the Rev. W. B. Hodge, on an itinerancy into the Shang-tung province. Traveling in a boat, they anchored opposite a village on the eastern bank of the Grand Canal, thinking that by doing so they would avoid the curiosity of the people, and enjoy a quiet night. What transpired is thus related in the "London Missionary Chronicle" for December.

"Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock they retired to rest, and were soon wrapped in profound slumber. Exactly at midnight Mr. Hodge was roused from sleep by confused and alarming sounds, and at that moment he discovered that Mr. Williamson had disappeared from his side. He instantly sprang out of bed, and, to his consternation, found that the boat was in the possession of some fifteen or twenty armed men. Mr. Williamson was nowhere to be seen, and Mr. Hodge, although deeming it strange that he had not heard his companion's voice, naturally concluded that he had got ashore, and would be anxiously looking for him to join him. Fully realizing by this time that they were in the hands of an organized band of desperadoes, and that resistance would be unavailing, brother Hodge implored the villains to suffer him to land without personal injury. On hearing his entreaties, some of them called out for his immediate death, while others struck at him with the flats of their swords, as though designing to render him stunned and incapable. Inspired with superhuman strength, Mr. Hodge pushed his way through their midst, and jumped from the boat, receiving in the struggle repeated cruel blows from the assailants on his head and shoulders. He rushed on, in an affrighted and suffering state, scarcely

knowing what he was doing, till he found himself at the door of a hut in a small hamlet near to the scene of the outrage, and here he met with a humane peasant, who listened with concern to his story, and at once surrendered himself to his assistance. Hastily putting on an article or two of clothing which this poor man provided, Mr. Hodge, accompanied by his humble benefactor, next set out in search of an official. They had not walked far ere they met a mandarin and a small company of soldiers, who were already *en route* to the boat, their attention having been attracted to it by the noise and other circumstances incident to the attack. As they drew near the boat the robbers made off, but not before they had fully accomplished the object of their ruffianly assault. In the short interval which elapsed between Mr. Hodge's flight and return—he thinks not more than twenty minutes—the boat had been completely rifled; money, watches, and every article of value had been appropriated, and a fearful state of disorder was presented to view."

All this however was of trifling importance when compared with the uncertainty as to the fate of Mr. Williamson. Mr. Hodge in vain sought him. Returning to Tientsin he sought help from the authorities, and His Excellency Chung Hou sent a large force of soldiers to help the local officials. The remains were found about twelve miles from Tientsin—the poor remains indeed of a man of manly form and vigorous constitution, thus lamentably cut down in the midst of health and usefulness.

"It is touching, in the light of actual facts, to dwell on two or three little incidents which immediately preceded his death. His voice was heard in our English church on the Sunday morning before that solemn event; and one of the chapters which he read as lesson was that inimitably beautiful chapter in the Acts of the Apostles, containing Paul's address to the elders at Ephesus, and closing with the striking words, 'Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.' During the last day which he spent on earth he invited Mr. Hodge's attention to certain portions of the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, dwelling with much feeling on the 26th verse, 'Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ;' and pronouncing it a blessed and honourable eulogy of Christian faith and zeal. Just before committing himself to sleep he joined Mr. Hodge in singing the Chinese version of the hymn beginning, 'My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here.' They then sang several verses of the hymn in English, so that amongst the last of his earthly utterances were those singularly appropriate lines—

" 'Why should I murmur when trials are near?  
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.  
Home, home; sweet, sweet home!  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory at home!'"

This event, however, is not to be regarded as of any political significance; and this remark is the more necessary, inasmuch as, in various parts of the empire, there have been outbreaks against foreigners got up by the literary class, in which Missionaries and their converts have suffered. But this is not one of them. It is one of those acts of violence which occur even in European countries, and from which Great Britain is not free.

## THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

HAVE the readers of the "Gleaner" ever heard of the Brahmo Somaj? It is a religious Society. Its members are Hindus. They are not idolaters; "idolatry they have renounced. They are not Christians;" Christianity, as God has given it, they will not have. Idolatry they despise, and Christianity they despise too.

They believe, they say, in God; not, however, the God of revelation, but something they have invented for themselves. We can only know God truly as He has pleased to make Himself known to us. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" And therefore, as we could not find Him out, He has revealed Himself to us as a Triune God—one, and yet, in the unity of the Godhead, three persons. This, however, the Brahmo Somaj will not receive. They are like the Mohammedans in this respect, and, like them, they will not admit that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. As a necessary consequence of this, they deny his atoning sacrifice, and look for the mercy of God without a mediator.

Thus they are without the one great truth which can alone regenerate and save sinners, and yet these men assume to be the great missionaries who are to go forth, and, awakening India, raise her up out of her degradation. They are like vendors of medicine who go about and offer it for sale. But what they distribute is of no use, for they have taken the virtue out of it.

They are, however, on the move. They are opening places for Brahmo-Somaj worship here and there through the country; and they are going forth on missions, at least it is proposed that they should do so. The leader, Mr. Kissub Chunder Sen, as the "Indian Mirror" of July 18th, 1869, informs us, left Calcutta, with three other missionaries, for Khatura, where he delivered lectures on "True Manhood," on "Divine Service," on the "Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man," and on "Death." Certainly death is rife in India. Can he tell his countrymen how its sting is to be removed?

One writer in the same paper protests that the Brahmo-Somaj missions ought to settle in distant stations, and not to group together in Calcutta. Speaking of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab, he proposes that five Missionaries should be sent out, of which three should be for the North-west, and two for "whole Presidency of the Punjab and other adjacent places."

Now, then, let it be seen whether these men can stand the test of Missionary life. It is one thing to star it in Calcutta, to deliver lectures, and to be admired and extolled, to smell the sweet incense of popular applause. But this is not Missionary life. To settle down amidst the mass of the people; to be not admired, but despised; to persevere although there be no stimulus of excitement; to toil on, although there be no converts, and the people appear to be just where they were at first; what suffices for this? The Apostle Paul, who knew what Missionary work was, tells us—"The love of Christ constraineth us." That is a motive which a Brahmo possesses not.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find, in the "Indian Mirror" of June 4th, the following sentence—"The Friend of India justly complains that the would-be Bengalee reformers, including even Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, neglect the mass of the people."





## CONTENTS.

WOMEN OF INDIA (With a Cut) . . . . .	1
THE REFINING PROCESS . . . . .	4
THE MARONITES OF THE LEBANON . . . . .	6
POETRY—REDEEMED . . . . .	9
MURDER BY ROBBERS OF A MISSIONARY IN CHINA . . . . .	10
THE BRAHMO SOMAJ . . . . .	12

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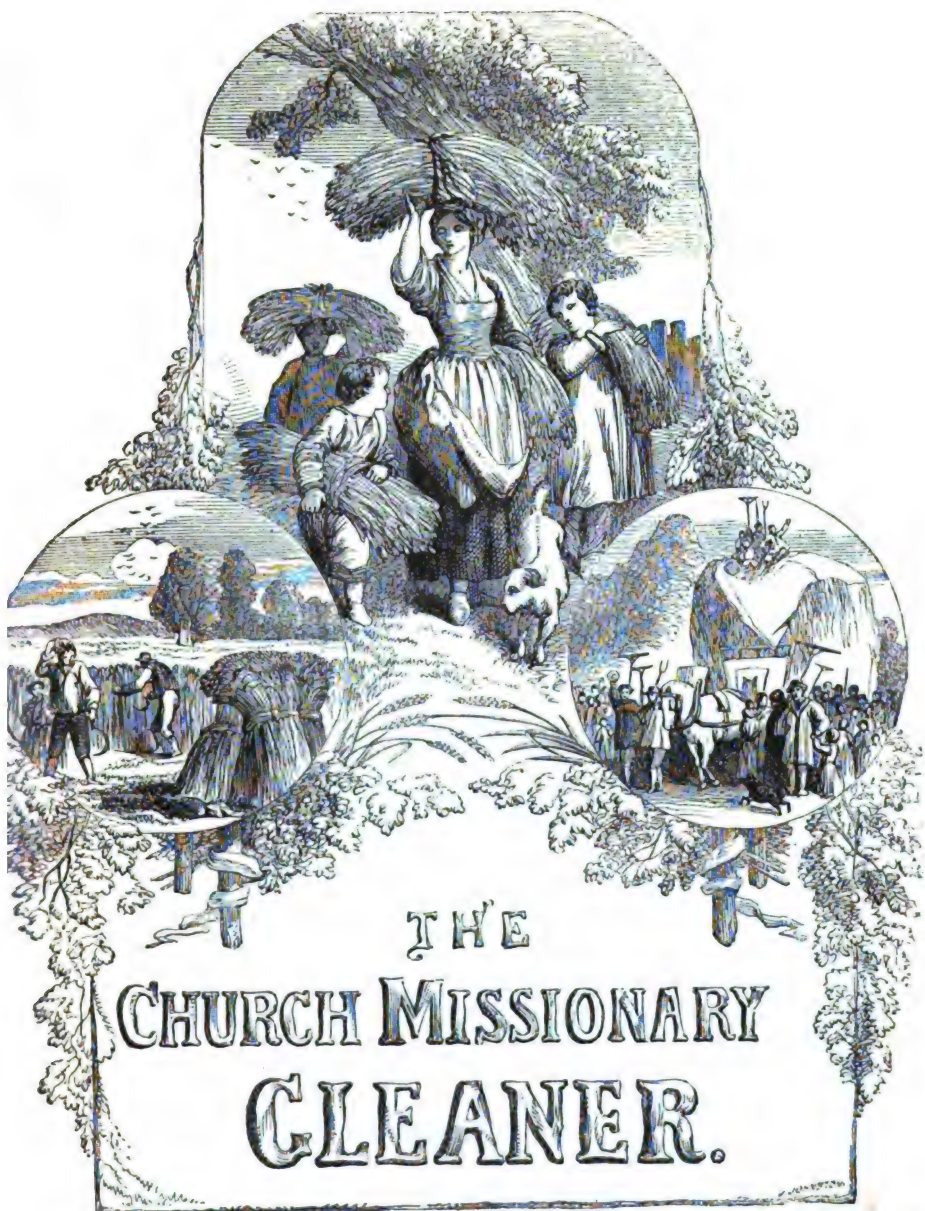
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**THE LONE PLACES OF THE EARTH.**

THERE are desolate places in our world, where the traveller finds himself in the midst of stillness, deadness, loneliness : around are rocks, a forest of peaks, and, far below, the sea : but there is no life. One of these out-



*February, 1870.*

C



lying spots is thus described :—"Not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence ; the sea did not break upon the shore ; no bird or any living thing was visible, no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality ; an universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude." While lingering in such places the traveller feels as though he were in exile, in banishment from his species, and he is glad to escape from them.

This seems to be a barren subject. Is there anything which we can learn from it ? Let us, as by the touch of a magician's wand, change the scene. We have before us no longer a wilderness, but a densely populated region. Human beings there are in hundreds of thousands, nay, millions. They may be seen all busily engaged in the occupations of life. Some on the city quays are occupied amongst the ships unloading the cargoes, most probably chests of opium from India, while others are shipping the silks and teas of China, for we get from China what is useful, and English commerce gives back to her what is hurtful. Beyond the city walls extend the rural districts, intersected with canals, which the Chinese families are turning to account as they ply along the banks various devices for raising the water and irrigating the fields. If the North Cape is destitute of inhabitants, here they are in abundance, for China is a crowded hive.

Now there is one whose eye regards both scenes ; the one without life, and the other that teems with it. He made them both. Those craggy rocks and barren shores, He made them ; these alluvial plains, so rich and productive, He stretched them out and filled them with inhabitants. Which to Him is the most dreary to look upon ? What if, amongst all those busy millions, those countless human beings, there is not one heart which beats in sympathy with Him ; if it be true, that although in Him they live and move and have their being, they know Him not, and live as though He were not ; if they be dark and dead to Him who has given them all they have, while they worship stocks and stones which gave them nothing ; if no eye be uplifted to Him, no knee bent to Him, no prayer offered to Him, and, as God looks down on those crowded regions, He is compelled to say—"there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God ? They are all gone out of the way"—"my people have forgotten me days without number"—what loneliness is here ! "I beheld, and lo ! there was no man"—none to render Him gratitude, love, service ; is not this enough to make the populous place a wilderness, and the whole land desolate ? Of His church, His people, God says—"This is my rest for ever ; here will I dwell ; for I have desired it ;" but in heathen lands, such as Central Africa, or China, where shall He find a resting-place, so as to "rest in His love."

Perhaps there may a day come in the history of this earth, when even its desolate places shall be peopled, the wilderness be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose ; but when shall the nations awake from their insensibility, and arise to seek the Lord ? Now they are as a desert to Him. They yield Him no glad returns. Shall we not pray, and labour for the promised time, when "all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord ; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Him ?" Lord, hasten that time !

## MOHUN SING.

THE following deeply interesting account of a native catechist has been communicated to us by the Rev. C. H. Blumhardt of Kishnagurh.—

You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear of the sudden death of one of my best and most faithful native preachers, Mohun Sing, who quietly fell asleep on Jesus on the night of the 9th of April. This is an event which has deeply affected us and the whole of our native community, and will be a cause of sorrow to many others, Europeans and natives, who knew him. It is indeed an event of joy to him, for he has finished his course and labour of love in the Lord, in which he was for many years zealously engaged, and which was a work dear to him in his last moments. To him death was gain indeed, but we grieve over and sadly miss him on account of his usefulness in the work of preaching the Gospel to the poorer classes of the people, for which he was so eminently qualified.

A few lines about his conversion to the truth of the Gospel, and his subsequent labours in preaching it to others will perhaps not be unacceptable to you.

Mohun Sing was a native of Orissa, and in his early years had received a pretty good education, for he could read and write his own native language well, as also Urdu in the Hindee character. About twenty years ago he came to Calcutta, and for some time was in the service of Mr. Beadon, late Lieut. Governor of Bengal, as Jemadar, and subsequently in that of Mr. Young, also of the Civil Service, in the same capacity. While in the employ of the latter gentleman, Mohun Sing enjoyed the benefit of Christian instruction, chiefly from the sister of Mr. Young, a Miss Mackinnon, whose pious labours were blessed by the Lord, so that Mohun Sing became from an idolater a truly converted follower of the Lord Jesus. That he did not embrace the Gospel in word only, but in spirit and in truth, the whole of his after life abundantly testified. He was baptized in the old Mission church in Calcutta by the Rev. G. Lovely, and Mr. Young himself kindly became one of his god-fathers. The young convert was then for a short time employed by the Rev. T. Sandys as Scripture reader. It happened that during the time of the mutiny, and immediately after it in 1858, several regiments of Sikhs and Goorkhas, belonging to the recently established military police, were sent to our station. This induced me to obtain the services of a native Christian who could preach the Gospel among these men in Urdu, and I was recommended to try and secure the services of Mohun Sing, in which I happily succeeded. I was encouraged in this work by one of the young officers of the military police, who himself, just a little time before, had, through the preaching of the Gospel, experienced the transforming power of the truth in the conversion of his own soul. This young man was delighted when he saw Mohun Sing, and for several years not only paid the greatest part of his salary, but afforded him every opportunity of preaching the Gospel among his men. Mohun Sing was attractive in his appearance and manner, and he soon won over the hearts of those to whom he preached the tidings of the Saviour of the world. He was never weary of going about and seeking to do good and

promoting his Master's kingdom. He was, in God's hands, the means of leading several of these policemen to a conviction of the truth of the Gospel. I remember particularly four men who were under preparation for baptism ; they were unexpectedly removed from our station. Two of them were baptized at Berhampore by a London Society's Missionary, and the other two in Calcutta, by the Baptists.

During the time the epidemic fever raged here, and particularly during the famine, Mohun Sing was unwearied in his exertions to make himself useful, either in preaching or attending on the sick and the dying. Neither did he ever complain but with a happy, cheerful, look in his face, rejoiced to do good to others, and blessed the Lord for it.

Mohun Sing was not what we might call an eloquent preacher, but his simple, unaffected language, united with graceful and serious animation, was quite enough to attract attention and produce serious thought in the hearts of his hearers. It is not eloquence and high-flowing language that does the work, but the simple preaching of the cross in the humble tongue familiar to the people. He could condescend to the lowest of the low, feel for them, comfort them, pray with them, and deny himself for them, and that is what made him so popular and useful in the Mission.

Mohun Sing's health began to fail him about a year ago. He often complained of pain in his chest, and he looked haggard and worn, although always cheerful. Some six months ago he had his chest examined by our station doctor, who expressed it as his firm opinion that Mohun Sing had heart disease, and advised him to be very careful in future, as any excitement might be the immediate cause of his death. He was told not to preach any more, but to this he quietly replied, "I am not afraid to die, but I cannot give up preaching the Gospel of Christ."

For several days previous to his death Mohun Sing became particularly serious, and talked much with his most intimate friends about his near departure ; but on the eve of the 9th instant he seemed to have had a pre-science that it was his last day on earth. He went and settled all his little accounts ; then he paid a farewell visit to some of his friends, went home, and had prayers with his wife and a few relatives. Shortly after, he complained of much pain in the chest, and begged his friends to rub it ; but there was nothing more to be done for him. His breath quickly left him, and his spirit departed from His mortal body to him who gave it. His soul was released from the burden of the flesh, and is now for ever with his Saviour, whom he loved above all things, whom he served on earth, and by whom he is now rewarded.

He was about fifty years old when he died. On the evening of the 10th the remains of our departed brother were committed to the earth in our burial ground, in hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day. Nearly the whole of the congregation followed his coffin to the grave, in token of the high respect they all had for him, and the affection of their hearts for his very exemplary Christian character.

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PHIL. II. 27.

YES ! to depart : 'twere better far,  
I would not 'mid this earthly jar  
    And turmoil, sigh and linger on.  
Come, Saviour ! quickly come ! I burn  
To hear the welcome word " return,"  
    And from my dungeon to be gone.

Yet, yet I bow ! Thy wise behest  
Hath fixed the hour it deemeth best ;  
    And patient let me wear my chains,  
And meet with calm, though tearful eye,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
    What time Thy better will ordains.

Nor would I with insensate soul  
Forget the goodly streams that roll,  
    And sparkle in the wilderness :  
Nor fail to own, around, above,  
The voice, the hand, the soul of love,  
    That deigns my saddest hours to bless.

And well this boding breast can tell  
'That when it comes—the sad farewell—  
    And I from those I love must part,  
With mix'd emotion sooth'd and riven,  
And half on Earth and half in Heaven  
    Regret and joy shall share my heart.

And oh ! the dark cold bed beneath  
The cheerless dwelling-place of death,  
    How shall my flesh this ordeal meet ?  
My soul, why fear to be undrest ?  
'Tis thus we enter into rest,  
    And find in heaven a sure retreat.

Would you prefer to tarry here ?  
No ! not for all I hold so dear !  
    There's one who bought me with His blood !  
Absent from Him I cannot be.  
'Tis better far to be with Thee  
    Who died to bring me back to God !

For oh ! what tongue can tell the bliss,  
To see the Saviour as He is,  
    And bear an image like His own :  
Whose love shall staunch the streaming eye,  
Whose fulness every want supply,  
    Where sin and sorrow are unknown.

## CHINA—ITS GREAT NEED.

**AN American Missionary lady, writing from Shanghae, China, observes—**

It must be very difficult for one at home to appreciate or take any deep interest in our Missionary work. But when one is once here in the midst of this teeming population of ignorance, of vice, of poverty and suffering, on one side ; of wealth, of pride, and entire contempt of everything that is not Chinese, on the other ; and both classes passing on to eternity, without hope and without God ; then the "unspeakable gift" of Christ to a lost world, with the privilege of making known this gift to others, begins to be appreciated, and one can understand a little of what the great Apostle to the Gentiles felt when, in Athens, "his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given to idolatry ;" and yet, with how little feeling are these and similar texts often read in our churches at home, just as I suppose Missionary letters are read, without much thought or interest ; while to us, in heathen lands, within sight and sound of idol worship, these are living truths, describing realities around us.

When one reads at home such passages as these—"Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and healed the sick : " or—" But when He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion on them because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd ; " or again, "And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and He was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things ; "—" I have compassion on the multitude, and will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way, "—it is generally supposed that these texts describe a state of society that was peculiar to Judæa, and has long since passed away. But come to China, and these texts will seem a vivid description of every-day life. The Missionary never "goes forth " that he does not meet like multitudes, and "much people," that move his compassion, and constrain him also to try and teach them "many things ; " fain would he also seek the gift of healing the sick, and making five loaves feed five thousand. Ah ! if our churches at home could really see our needs and our wants—the places we try to fill, the duties we try to do—how willingly would they give us their prayers and their alms ; they would also rejoice with us, that here and there are Christian schools, Bible classes, hospitals, preaching-places and churches, lights, as they really are, amid the darkness of idolatry and superstition ; and if they saw one Missionary with half-a-dozen schools to look after, passing hours by a sick bed, or in the hospital compounding and dispensing medicines, binding up loathsome wounds and sores, besides conducting the regular church services on Sundays, and on week-days preaching at out-stations, they might feel as though they must come to help us ; at least they would give liberally to those who do come.

There is then given an interesting account of a blind Chinese girl, who came under this kind lady's care in the following way.

Passing from day to day a house in the city, she heard always a low, moaning sound, as of a child in pain or sorrow.

On inquiring the cause of this, I was told by one of my teachers that it was only a little blind girl who was locked up by her mother while she went out to work, as she had no one to take care of her. I determined to take the child, and arranged to see the mother, who seemed ready to agree to anything that would better the condition of the child. When I first saw her, I feared she was merely a little idiot, though she had a pretty pale face, and beautiful long hair; yet her lonely forlorn life had given her such a stupid, hopeless look, it was painful to see her; and when I gave her in charge to one of my teachers, it was only with the injunction that she should be kind to her, and try to amuse her. I did not think it possible for her to learn anything, but told the teacher she might sit in the school-room with the girls. As Chinese children always study aloud, I hoped she might like to hear them. She soon became interested in their Bible lessons and the church catechism, and, after some months, could repeat the Lord's Prayer and some texts of Scripture that she had learned by hearing others repeat them. After a year she showed so much quickness and intelligence, that I gave her regular lessons to commit to memory, which she was able to do by the aid of one of the older girls repeating them to her. She was always so gentle, amiable, and uncomplaining, that she was a favourite both with teachers and scholars, and I was as much surprised as pleased to hear how well she recited her lessons, whole chapters in St. Matthew's Gospel, without missing a word, until she had finished the book. In the course of three or four years she had learned all the four Gospels; some of the Epistles; the church catechism, which, in Chinese, is expanded into three volumes; and also a catechism in four Chinese volumes, on the history contained in the Old Testament. About three years ago she expressed her firm belief in the truths she had learned, and desired to receive the sacrament of baptism, which was administered to her by the native pastor of the English church Mission, who was also her friend, and had taken great interest in giving her religious instruction. Since that time she has been a regular communicant. She never failed to sit by me, and I always led her to the church, when she kneeled by my side, and together we received the elements of Christ's body broken for our sins, and of His blood shed for our redemption.

A. Ne has a brother between eleven and twelve years of age, who seems a clever little lad, with two bright eyes, ready to study if he had only books and a teacher. He has been in one of my day-schools, but his mother is still very poor, working by the day to support herself and him; she can give him little care, and is anxious to put him in our boarding school.

By a curious coincidence, just as I had finished this last sentence the mother of A. Ne came in from the city: she had walked two miles, bringing her boy with her, again begging me to receive him into my boarding school. I told her that I was just writing home asking the means to do so, and that she must wait until I get an answer. May she not wait in vain?

What an ocean of work lies before the church of Christ in China. Such masses of human beings, so intelligent, yet so ignorant and vicious; amongst whom sin for ages has exercised such unrestrained power, for Christianity has not been there to counteract it. What need of effort. How important the presence of every agency, however feeble in the world's eyes. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

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#### MANDALAY.

THE Archdeacon of Calcutta has been on a visitation tour in Burmah, a region in which much important Missionary work is in progress, particularly amongst an interesting nation called the Karens. Of these we were wont to give our readers notices from time to time. But, by some unhappy mischance, the reports which used to reach us from America have ceased to come, and, until the interruption be removed, which we hope will be soon, we are not able to tell our readers what God is doing among the Karens.

The Archdeacon's notes do not refer to the Karens, or the work going on amongst the uplands and jungle fastnesses of Burmah, so much as to the country generally. But we gladly avail ourselves of information so reliable as that which he furnishes, and shall accompany him to Mandalay, the new capital.

Mandalay, as you know, is an entirely new city. The present race of kings seem to like changing their capitals, for Ava, Ameerapoor and Mandalay have been successively the capital within the present century. Ava has entirely disappeared. Ameerapoor is still in existence, though forsaken. Mandalay, five miles up the Irrawadi, is a wide-spread place, containing 100,000 inhabitants; the houses are built of wood and matting, neatly put together; a very few are built by Moguls of brick. In the midst of this collection of houses lies the city—a perfect square, 600 tahs (about 1 mile and 1-5th) in each side, and each side has three gates. The roads are wide and at right angles. The palace grounds are also a square in the centre of the city, 200 tahs on each side, and the palace itself in the centre of this. On the skirts of the town, on the creek—which runs up from the river, and is crowded with boats, great and small (some of them war boats)—is the Governor-General's Agency, where I was kindly entertained by Captain Strover; and in the next compound are situated the clergyman's house, the schoolroom, and boarding-house which the king has recently built. In the same compound, the first stone of the future church, which the king has promised to build, was laid a short time ago by Major Sladen, before he left for England. Mr. Marks, the Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, had been obliged to leave just before I arrived, owing to ill-health. I met him in the river as I went up, and again on my return. On Sunday, the 10th October, I held divine service, morning and afternoon, in the Missionary house, for the residents. Though the residents are few

in number, it will be much more convenient and pleasant to assemble in the church which the king's liberality is going to provide. As the Missionary was away I did not see the school. In fact it was closed, and the boys had dispersed. The school was opened only four months ago, and at the time when it closed about forty boys attended; and I was told that the number was gradually increasing. The Mission is wholly educational. It is a step in advance to have got even this footing in independent Burmah, and with the approbation, and, more than that, the aid of the ruling Sovereign. On Saturday Captain Strover took me to see the ruins of the great unfinished pagoda of Mengoon, a few miles off. It was begun at the end of the last century; the basement, on a square of about 230 feet each side, a solid mass of masonry about 100 feet high, and also the huge bell, into which four of us got, and eight more might have come in at the same time, and two (I may call them) almost mountainous lions to guard the temple, were all finished, when the earthquake of 1839 occurred, and did immense mischief, cracking the enormous basement in every direction, crushing the supports of the bell (which weighed ninety tons), and breaking off the head and neck, and carrying away about half of each of the lions. The work was of course abandoned. The bell is said to be second only to that at Moscow. We could not make it speak, as it is now resting on blocks of wood.

On Monday I had an interview with the king. Captain Strover and the Kulla Woon (whom I may describe as the king's agent for foreigners) accompanied me. We had, of course, to take off our shoes when we reached the palace, but not to crouch, as the Burman ministers and others who were present did. The palace disappointed me. Though there is plenty of gilding, it is all somewhat tawdry. We had been sitting on the ground, in the audience room, with our feet out of sight, waiting for the king, when in about two minutes only after the appointed time he came in, and sat on a platform elevated some four feet above us, and about twenty or thirty feet from us; and several queens behind him. He asked me how long I was going to remain, and was apparently much displeased when I said I was leaving in two days, seeming to regard it as an affront that any one should visit his capital, and leave again so soon, as if there was nothing to see. However this passed away when he was told that I had a great many places to go to, and that I was come from Thyet-Myoo expressly to thank him in the name of the bishop for what he had done, and was going to do, for the Christian Mission. He expressed himself very anxious to see the bishop, and asked when he would come. I told him on the completion of the church. This led to conversation on the materials of which the church should be constructed. The king prefers wood, because it can be built more quickly, and he will see the bishop sooner. He told me when his lordship comes he must stop a month and not run away again, as I was doing as soon as I had arrived. It is certainly remarkable that he shows so much interest in the Christian Mission. His motive is evidently political, and to be friendly with the English; for that he is a firm Buddhist there can be no doubt, from various indications. He is sincere in his intention to build the church. The sooner

this can be done the better, as most likely his successor, whoever he may be, will not do it, nor pay for what his predecessor may have left unfinished. My interview lasted more than an hour, the topics of conversation being the blessings of peace and good government, the time kings have reigned in Burmah; the evils of rumour, and the importance of being guided by what you see and not what you hear; the king's sending youths to England, and France, and Calcutta, for education in useful arts: the king's European library, and various other things, came up, which I need not mention.

He did not indulge me, as he has done others, with wise sayings from his sacred books; nor did I directly touch upon the subjects, of Christianity, because he has more than once refused, on similar occasion to discuss religious matters in open court. He twice put up his binocular to have a good look at me; first when he had asked, in the middle of our conversation, how old I am, and then when he presented me, by his Secretary, with a ruby ring, to see what I thought of it. He put before me also a bag of rupees, and told me they were to pay my expenses. I told his Majesty that I was not in the habit of receiving presents for that purpose; but that, if agreeable to him, I would devote the gift to some benevolent object; to which he at once assented; and when I sent him word afterwards to what I should devote it, I was told that he was much pleased. Conversation went on after this till a sonorous and melodious gong sounded, and he rolled out, with his queens after him, and we were left sitting in our most awkward attitude, from which I could not manage to rise for some seconds, my left knee and hip were so fearfully cramped. The king has not left his palace for three years, since the rebellion of two of his sons (now in Chunar Fort), when the Crown Prince was cut down, and the king narrowly escaped. He looked older than I expected to see him. His friendliness is no doubt an opportunity which should not be lost for introducing a knowledge of Christianity into his country; and though there is not the slightest indication of any change in the king himself, his subjects may in future time benefit from the opening which his liberality has made, if it be used by us wisely and in the proper spirit, looking up to the "only Ruler of Princes" still to dispose his mind favourably towards us. What we should most desire would be his own conversion for the enlightenment of his people.

#### ANAGIHAMY OF DODANDUWA.

BADDAGAMA is one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society in the beautiful island of Ceylon. For beauty, Baddagama cannot be surpassed. The church stands on the top of a hill, with its old grey tower peeping out from among the trees, whilst the Missionary bungalows cluster along the margin of the Gindura river, which flows at the foot of the hill. After a time the work extended from this centre into the outlying districts, and several new places were occupied by catechists. It is of one of these we now write, and of a deeply touching case—a young girl, not more

than twelve or thirteen years of age, desiring to be a Christian, and to give herself to the service of the Lord that bought her, but held back by a heathen parent, and cruelly treated by him. The story is told us by the Rev. Richard Dowbiggin, our Missionary at Baddagama—

Dodanduwa, our Mission station on the sea coast, is distant from Baddagama about six miles and a half. About six or seven years since the Mission was established, and that owing to the conversion of an influential man in the village, who importuned our Missionary brother, the late Rev. G. Parsons, to begin the work, and gave himself no rest until the field was taken up, and work for Christ commenced in it. Some six years previously the Missionary had written of this place, that it was apparently hopeless, and that he could not secure a house in which to preach for longer than a fortnight, at the end of which time he was turned out of it, and a devil ceremony performed in it. It is most undoubtedly a stronghold of Buddhism, and the bulk of the people are opposed to Christianity. The person I have mentioned has never ceased to take the deepest interest in the work, in which he has been well seconded by his equally devoted wife and eldest daughter. The latter, of her own accord, and without any salary, has a girls' school in her father's house, to which she devotes five or six hours daily. But it is with more special reference to a Missionary meeting just held, and to the confession of the faith of Jesus by one of the school girls, and her subsequent persecution, that I write. One of the speakers on this occasion was the first catechist placed in the village by Mr. Parsons; his reception at that time by people was any thing but flattering to his feelings, or agreeable to his person: they abused and even beat him, and went so far as to threaten his destruction, and turned him out of the house in which he had taken up his abode. He left the place after a time, but the work was taken up by another; and now, after a few years, the man who was reviled and beaten had the pleasure of addressing a meeting crowded to overflowing in that very village, and almost opposite to the house in which he had suffered for the sake of the Gospel.

The case of the girl mentioned above is deeply interesting. Her uncle is the Arachchy who was the means of opening the Mission; her grandmother, the person who actually beat the catechist; her father, a rigid Buddhist, in fact an Aposakarola—a man who promises to observe so many of the precepts of Gautama Buddha, and is supposed to be holier than other men (but, like the priests, so much the worse very often). Another of her uncles is the priest of Dodanduwa, and her whole family for generations have been notoriously attached to Buddhism. This girl, Anagihamy, when she first began to attend school, would not listen to the Bible lesson, nor kneel down with the other children for morning and evening prayers, and contended for the truth of Buddhism against the Christian family of her uncle, and in various ways manifested her opposition to Christianity. After some time she began to feel interested in what she had heard, and her parents, afraid of our influence, and that of her uncle's family, took her away from school. Time passed on: again she was permitted to attend school; then after awhile she was

again withdrawn. Once more she was allowed to come, and now her interest was most apparent. She would come to school very early, so as to hear the exposition and family prayers of the catechist, and then sit and read the New Testament until the other children came, as she was not allowed to do so at her own home.

All this time her parents compelled her to attend the Buddhist temple, but gradually she left off taking flowers and offerings, and would not worship the priests, simply accompanying her family, but manifesting no interest in their devotions. About this time—the middle of November last—I visited Dodanduwa, and, along with another girl in the class, examined her as to her knowledge of the way of pardon and peace, and the leading facts of our religion. I need only say that I was astonished beyond measure at her understanding and answers. I could not help feeling that she must have been taught of God. It was not like a schoolgirl's acquisition of such things: she had an evident personal acquaintance with the truths she spoke about. She was present at the Missionary meeting, and her attention was most marked, and, as subsequent events turned out, every speaker seemed to address her particularly, though quite ignorant of her feeling in the matter. Two or three days after this meeting she went to the house of a Christian man in the village and he and his wife began to talk to her about Christianity, when she at once confessed her faith in it. She filled them with great joy, and led them to speak at greater length; and the girl, entering fully into their feelings, surprised them, as she had astonished me, by her clear knowledge of the way of salvation. But an enemy to her peace was at hand. A Buddhist servant overheard all this conversation, and at once reported it to her father, who, wild with rage and vexation that a child of his should ever think of forsaking the religion to which he was devoted, took the girl, only twelve or thirteen years of age, and beat her, forbidding her ever to attend school again, and threatened to burn all her books, not suffering her to go to any of our Christian families, and keeping her under Buddhist influence and surveillance.

This was soon noised abroad, and caused us all much grief and sorrow, for every one seemed to love the gentle, thoughtful child. Special meetings for prayer to God for her were held, that God would enable her to confess the faith of His Son, and give her grace to glorify the name of His holy Child Jesus, and make her the instrument of bringing even her father and family to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I have heard, whether true or not, that she was afraid, and wavered when questioned as to her faith in Jesus. But even if this were the case, it would not make me less hopeful of her. What the friend of God, and the man after God's own heart could do when moved with fear, a child of heathen parents, just awakening to the truth of the Gospel, may easily be supposed capable of doing; but while we deplore the weakness of this act of denial, if she did it, we cannot but feel deeply interested in her, and pray more earnestly that she may yet have grace to make "a good confession before many witnesses," to the glory and praise of His grace, who can make her "accepted in the beloved."





## CONTENTS.

"THE DARK PLACES." (With a Cut) . . . . .	25
EXAMINATION OF THE BONNY SCHOOLCHILDREN . . . . .	27
NEW CHURCH AT KOVILUTTU, TINNEVELLY . . . . .	31
TALAMPITIA . . . . .	33
POETRY—"I'VE FOUND THE PEARL" . . . . .	36

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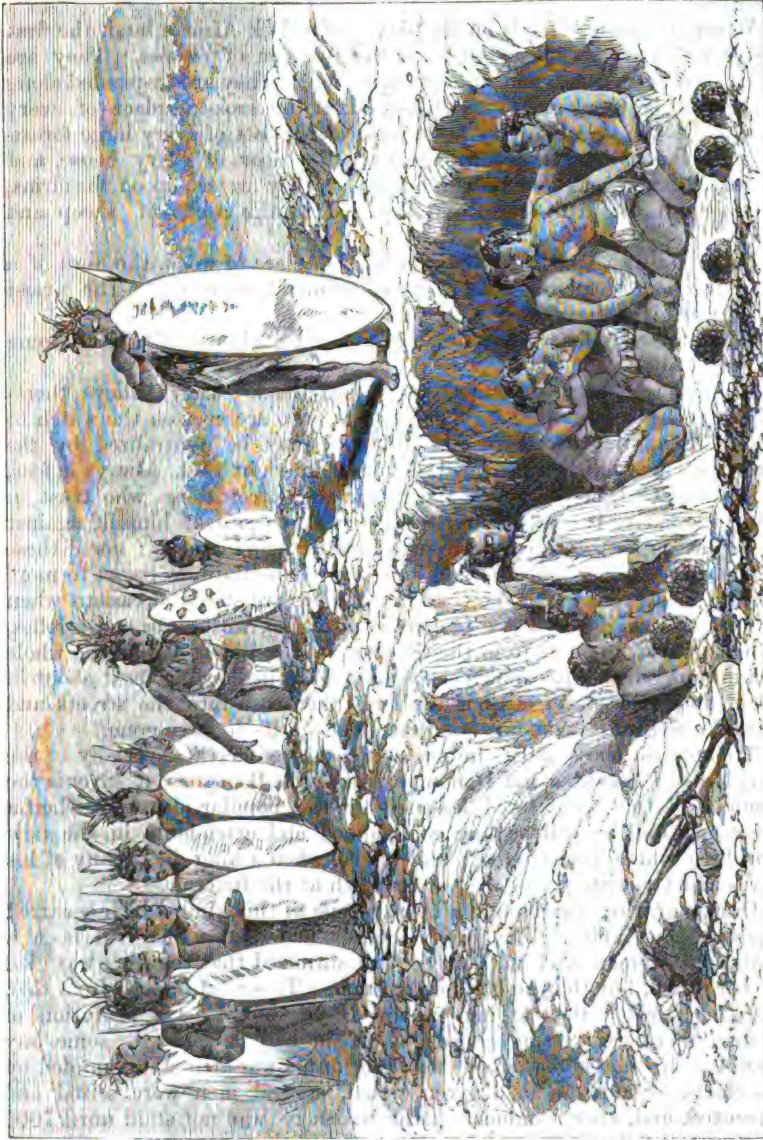
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**"THE DARK PLACES."**

"THE dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Such is the declaration of Scripture, and men are ready to admit that a great deal of cruelty exists in heathen lands. But they have never



CEREMONY AT THE INTERMENT OF A KAFFIR QUEEN.

March, 1870.

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very closely considered the subject, and are not the least aware how intense is the misery which prevails. Surely if they had any just idea of the misery of the heathen, they never would rest contented until more had been done for their relief.

May we then venture to bring before our readers some of these dread realities?

When a stranger lands on the shores of a dark African land, the first object which arrests his attention, is the number of *fetishes*. They are to be seen everywhere and in every direction. They are suspended along every path he treads, at every cross-road, at the crossing-place of every stream, at the base of every large rock, or the foot of every large forest-tree, at the gate of every village, over the door of every house, and around the neck of every human being. "They are set up on the farms, tied around the fruit-trees, and fastened to the necks of sheep and goats."

These fetishes consist sometimes of "a piece of wood, the horn of a goat, the hoof of an antelope, a piece of metal or ivory." The priest consecrates it and makes it a fetish.

What are they for? The fetish is a charm made use of to avert some evil or to obtain some good.

The fact is, these heathen are always in dread. They believe themselves to be in the midst of evil spirits, who are ever on the watch to injure them, but whose malign influence may be neutralized by the interposition of fetishes, provided they be of the right kind. Always in fear, ignorant of God, of His mercy and power to protect those who trust in Him, the native is ever planning and striving to protect himself against these unseen foes. Offerings are presented to them to pacify: nor if these persuasions be not effectual, do the natives hesitate to resort to more decided measures. "On the Gold Coast there are stated occasions when the people turn out *en masse* (generally at night), with clubs and torches, to drive the evil spirits from their towns. At a given signal the whole community start up, commence a most hideous howling, beat about in every nook and corner of their dwellings, then rush into the streets and beat the air, until some one announces the spirits to have gone."

To appease these spirits human sacrifices are offered, especially in the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey, and on the Bonny river. Nor is the number of the slaughtered lessened by the popular idea, that when a great man dies he will require companions and attendants in the new world to which he has gone; and hence, when a king dies, many of his wives and favourite slaves are put to death at the funeral.

Our engraving represents a horrid scene of this kind, which occurred amongst the Kaffirs. The king's mother had died. She had been a turbulent woman, and not only was it surmised that the king was glad of her death, but that he had helped it on. To screen himself from this, the king decided that at her funeral there should be a profusion of human sacrifices. Great crowds of people had assembled, some say 60,000. In the midst stood the king in his war attire, surrounded by his chiefs. Suddenly, at a given signal, several men were seized and executed, and, once commenced, the massacre was not staid until 7000 victims had fallen.

The body was then put in a large grave, "and ten of the best-looking girls in the kraal were enclosed alive in the same grave. Twelve thousand men, fully armed, attended this dread ceremony, and were stationed as a guard over the grave for a whole year."

The well-known Bonny river, in the Bight of Biafra, is another of those dark places where human sacrifices abound. Here reigned the yellow-black chief known as Pepper, Pimento, or Pepple. Deposed by his chiefs for his ill-conduct, he was trans-shipped to Ascension, from whence he made his way to England. After a time, returning to the African coast, he regained his lost authority, and encouraged Bishop Crowther to commence a Mission station among his wild subjects. There our Missionaries, not Europeans, but Africans, are at work, amidst horrid sights and scenes of bloodshed. We recommend to our readers the perusal of the "Church Missionary Record" for this month (March), if they wish to know what Missionary work is among the wilds of Africa. At Bonny may be seen the Juju house, a ghastly-looking edifice, having nailed under its roof rows of human skulls. This house well illustrates the character of the people, a race which takes pleasure in inflicting pain and shedding blood. In the midst of the square before the Juju house, a group of negroes assembles. At the word of command they squat on the ground in a circle round two men standing upright in the midst. These are the executioner and his victim. The latter moves not a muscle. He knows his doom, and meets it immoveably. One swoop of the sword falls upon the man's neck: it is followed by a second, and the deed is done. The head is placed in a calabash by the executioner; the body is left to the people, who fly upon it, cutting and chopping it, and carrying away pieces of the reeking flesh.

There is much more to be said of Bonny. In another paper we shall follow up the subject.

#### EXAMINATION OF THE BONNY SCHOOLCHILDREN.

THE previous paper was a sad one indeed. The one which we now introduce will lighten the gloom, and show that a light has been kindled in a dark place, and that good is being done even at Bonny.

When King Pepple and his chiefs applied to Bishop Crowther to commence a Mission station on the Bonny river, his answer was that he would do so, but as they carried on a prosperous trade with Europeans, he expected they would contribute to the expenses which would be incurred. They guaranteed accordingly 150*l* a year, and a native teacher was placed amongst them. Some children were collected and a school commenced, and about four years ago the foundation was laid of a mud-wall school-chapel, King Pepple himself putting down the first ball of mud into the hole prepared for it.

This method of mud-wall building was something quite new to the Bonny chiefs. The Esquimaux had been ingenious enough to

discover that they could construct houses out of snow, but the Bonny chiefs had not found out that they could build them of mud. They were, however, charmed at the discovery, and sent their men to be taught how to temper the mud and make the balls. The Bishop next taught them how they might get lime. They had not thought that oyster shells could be of any use after they had eaten the fish, and they flung them away. These they were with difficulty persuaded to collect, and the Bishop bought them, and with these he burned his first kiln of lime.

An examination of the schoolchildren at Bonny was recently held. Probably our readers would like to know how it fared, and what progress has been made in opening the closed minds of these wild children of the heathen.

The following account of the proceedings has been forwarded to us by one of the Bishop's sons, Mr. Dandeson C. Crowther. First of all, however, we must prepare our readers for its perusal by saying a word about the big bell to which Mr. Crowther refers.

At the time when the Mission was begun there was lying on the ground at Bonny Town a very large bell, three and a half feet in diameter, bearing this inscription—

“William Dobson, founder, Downham, Norfolk, England. This bell was cast for Opoboo Fobbra, King of Grand Bonny, in the year 1824.”

There it lay, a great unwieldy thing: no one cared to take any trouble about it, and it never seemed likely to come to any good. The Bishop had to leave Bonny for a time, having several other stations to visit. On his return, an agreeable surprise awaited him. A chief called Oko Jumbo, son of the late King George, during the Bishop's absence, set about putting up the bell at his own expense. He bought two masts, well-coppered at the bottom to protect them from decay, and on these the bell was hung. He then proceeded to place over it a roof of corrugated galvanized iron sheets, the whole structure having cost him not less than 24*l.*, a handsome contribution from a chief whose eyes were only just beginning to open to the light.

Now for Mr. Crowther's Report.

*March 10, 1869.*—An examination of the schoolchildren was held to-day. The yearly examination of this school takes place always about this time of the year.

As usual, invitations were sent to the king and his brothers, and, through them, to the chiefs, parents and guardians, to attend and see what improvements their children had made since the past year.

At ten o'clock, the large bell, put up some time ago by one of the chiefs, Oko Jumbo, was rung: in half-an-hour's time the school was opened, and the examination began.

The subjects on which the children were examined by the Bishop were—

First, Scripture, with the first and second classes. The seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis were chosen, which they read off without much difficulty, and questions on them were satisfactorily answered. Then, reading Union Spelling-book, part II., with the third class, and part I., with the fourth class. While these classes were reading, the first class wrote letters on slates. Some of these letters are amusing, and others really good for the production of Bonny boys. I give a true copy of one as a sample—

*Bonny Town, March 10th, 1869.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that all our parents are not present here. If they were all here, and could see how we are going on in our lessons, then they would know that we are not going to school in vain, but that we learn some good things there. Many of them thought that book is a thing which men can learn in one day, or in a month. And I hope God may give us grace to do more in the future. Hopon you are quite well,

I am, Your's truly,

DAVID C. JUMBO."

After reading and letter-writing, followed dictation and spelling respectively in each class, and all of them in school songs and exercises.

It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and the examination closed for a time, to give the children a little recreation. At one o'clock the bell was rung, and all met again. Mr. F. Smart took the first and second classes in numeration. The boys really did well in this, reflecting great credit, not only on themselves, but also on their teachers, who exerted themselves to lay such a good foundation. Three of the boys, William Jumbo, Horatio Pepple, and Abraham Allison, figured well on this subject, and may turn out in future capital arithmeticians. Both classes were next taken in cyphering, addition, and subtraction, by myself, and multiplication by Mr. S. Puddicombe. On the whole they got on pretty well.

But the best part was yet to come, the recitation.

The third and fourth classes were first called to recite from memory the pieces they had learnt from the Union Spelling-books, Parts I. and II. Some of them had a little difficulty in their pronunciation and stops; but among those that recited best, was a little girl of about nine years of age, called Hannah Uranta. Having no mark on her face, and being quite used to English dress, together with her distinct pronunciation and tolerably good English accent, one would have taken her for a girl from Sierra Leone, or other civilized place, than from rude, uncultivated and uncivilized Bonny.

The first and second classes were next called. Portions of the "Moral Observations" in Mavor's Spelling-book were well recited by several of them, and pieces from Murray's Introduction cleverly recited by those more advanced.

The examination was coming to a close, and all present were satisfied with these recitations, gone through, in some instances, without a single mistake; but it was not yet to close: something more was to be done. Three of the first-class boys, David Jumbo, Horatio Pepple, and William Jumbo, all Bonny boys, advanced; David assumed a kingly appearance, and the other two that of servants. Presently, in a clear voice and with

great confidence, David, sitting on a chair, began the well-known words of "Canute," the other two boys answering as his courtiers.

After "Canute and his courtiers," came the dialogue of "Alexander and the Robber." A boy, Marcus During, from Sierra Leone, of about thirteen years of age, possessing a powerful retentive memory, and a beautiful voice, having been dressed like a king, with a toy sword, sash and sceptre, and attended by half-a-dozen boys, his body guard, took a seat on a chair placed for him: at the door-way Stephen Allison, a Bonny boy, was seen, violently resisting the force of two boys, who were bringing him, as the "Thracian Robber," before great Alexander. They recited and acted well, especially Stephen Allison who was bold, and did justice to his part.

Next came the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. This was recited by William Jumbo acting Brutus, and Herbert Jumbo his brother, who thoroughly mastered his part, and acted with great credit as Cassius.

The last piece, but not the least, both in the number of pages recited, and in the beautiful and masterly way in which it was done, was "The speech of Hannibal to his soldiers," delivered by one of the boys mentioned before, Marcus During. Thus a piece of nearly four pages was well mastered, and delivered with great ease and life by a boy who, though born in Sierra Leone, yet was brought up chiefly in Bonny school.

Truly who shall despise the day of small things, for who, looking back three or four years ago, would have thought that Bonny children could be able to take part in dialogue pieces as these have done, and that with great credit? What they will yet do, the future will reveal.

We cannot close without admiring the exertions of Messrs. F. Smart and W. Carew, who are connected with the education of these children. Mr. Smart, who is the superintendent of the station, has indeed raised the tone of the school in every respect, and not only the school, but also made a stir among the people in the town and villages. A Sunday school has been formed by him, to which many young men and canoe boys flock, while the services on Sundays are attended by a few women in addition. Such progressive changes are evident to us who make a yearly visit to this place.

The number of the schoolchildren has fallen off, several of the big boys having left school, two having been sent to the Grammar school at Sierra Leone, and nearly all the girls having been withdrawn. Some of the chiefs had sent children to England for education, at very great expense, for four or five years; and at their return, to their great disappointment, they found them not even so well qualified as some of the children at Bonny school, especially the girls, whom they thought to make much of, and who would have become their confidential secretaries, and consequently their favourites among the wives. The disappointment of their masters or guardians became so great when they found them disqualified in book learning, that they became quite indifferent to female education as of no avail. But as in Brass, so it will be here, the Bishop will throw the school open free for the girls on his own account, while the parents pay for the boys as usual.

We think differently from the heathen respecting female education: while they think it useless to educate them, we consider it of all im-



portance to the rising generation, because educated mothers will exercise a most salutary influence on their offspring, and thus will lay an easy and solid foundation for their education and future improvement.

We may have something more to say about Bonny in our next Number.

#### NEW CHURCH AT KOVILUTTU, TINNEVELLY.

NULLUR is one of the Missionary districts of Tinnevely. Its western division, under the charge of a native pastor, the Rev. D. Gnanamuttu, contains a total of 1102 professing Christians. That they do value their Christian privileges is shown by their liberality in contributing to Christian objects. Last year they gave no less than 586 rupees, being about 8. 6. annas to each person. A portion of this sum was given to the new church at Koviluttu, the opening of which is thus described by Mr. Gnanamuttu—

The opening of this church for divine worship took place on Wednesday, the 23rd December 1868, after a long period of twelve years and a half from the date of its foundation. There were present on the occasion Rev. H. and Mrs. Dixon, Rev. N. Honiss, Mr. and Mrs. Kember, Rev. A. Samuel, and Rev. A. James, the boys' and girls' boarding-school children of Nullur, the catechists and schoolmasters of the whole Nullur district, and a large number of Christians, chiefly from the western division of the district, and also a good number of heathen by-standers. In all there were then present about 400 people. The service was commenced at about 11 A.M. with a Tamil song composed by the inspecting catechist for the occasion. According to the arrangements previously made by Mr. Dixon, Mr. James read the prayers, I baptized five children, Messrs. Dixon and Samuel read the pre-communion service, Mr. Honiss preached an interesting sermon from Haggai ii. 7, and I gave a short statement of the church, and of its funds and expenditure. Then a collection of 13. 2. 1 rupees was made from those who were present, and, after this, the communion service was conducted by Messrs. Dixon and Samuel, Mr. James and myself assisting them in distributing the elements. About 180 people partook of the Lord's Supper on the occasion. It was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Anticipating that the friends of the Mission would like to know the description of the church, I have the pleasure to give it minutely. To begin with the chancel: the chancel is situated on the west end of it; it is from east to west 16½ feet long, from north to south 12½ feet broad, in height 15½ feet, and it has a tiled roof. The nave from east to west is 45 feet long, 14 feet wide, and 19½ high; it has on each of its two sides four arches, built over five good strong oblong pillars, and one arch between it and the chancel, and it has a tiled roof. Each of the aisles is 49 feet long, 7 wide, and 16½ high, and its roof is terraced, and these are three feet lower in height than the nave. Besides these, there are two side rooms, each being nine feet square and eleven feet high, and both of them are terraced. There is

also a porch, which is 14 feet in width from north to south, 11 feet long and  $13\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and it has three large and two small arches built over strong round pillars, and a terraced roof. Over the east wall of the nave a small belfry is erected. The whole church is enclosed by brick walls on all sides. The length of the churchyard within the walls is 123 feet from east to west, and the breadth from north to south is 100 feet. The doors and windows, and floor, communion rails, and the gate have all been put on; the inside of the above described apartments has been plastered; the church is furnished with a pulpit, a communion table, a small table for the vestry, a reading-desk for the catechist, and two common chairs. Thus the church is so far finished that divine service may be freely held in it.

The expenditure for the above described works amounts to not less than 4500 rupees. I feel that justice requires me to say a word in gratitude to the benefactors and managers of so much work in this building. I have the pleasure to say that almost all the honour is due to the Rev. W. Clark who had charge of the district for upwards of ten years. Mr. Clark laid the foundation to this church in July 1856, just two years before I was located in Koviluttu, threw his mind to it, obtained help from his friends in England and elsewhere, and finished the greater part of the church walls, and brought timber for the terraced roofs of the aisles, side rooms, and the porch. In 1862 he made over the accounts to me, and, according to his suggestion, I drew up a petition in my name and in the names of the few members of this congregation, to the ladies and gentlemen resident in Tinnevely. Several gentlemen responded to it, and subscribed about 180 rupees. Among these benefactors, C. Cocq, Esq., of Tuticorin, who gave the liberal sum of 100 rupees, deserves to be particularly mentioned. After this, Mr. Clark asked Miss Clark, who had been to the Neilgherry Hills, to collect some money for this church; and Miss Clark took such a lively interest in behalf of it, that she made a regular circuit to the Hills, Travancore, and various other places, even to the court of the Rajah of Travancore, and collected about 450 rupees; so our next best thanks are due to her. His lordship, the present Bishop of Madras, Dr. Gell, on his first visitation, gave to it the noble donation of 100 rupees. Afterwards, by the suggestion and recommendation of the Rev. F. G. Lugard, the senior chaplain, and one of the members of the Madras Corresponding Committee of the Church Missionary Society, who visited the Tinnevely Mission just before his departure to England, a petition, drawn up by me and countersigned by him, was sent to the Christian friends living at Madras, Trichinopoly, Madura and other places, and a collection of about 200 rupees was made. Again Mr. Clark, at my request, collected for this church, during his late residence in England, 366. 8. 3 rupees, and a few years back he presented to this church a set of communion service; and now, as I hear, he has got a bell for it, which is on its way thither. I knew also that he gave a good sum of his own money to this. The above statement will show at once that Mr. Clark took great interest on behalf of this church, and that mostly by his labours the work has been thus far finished. Besides the above donations, I should acknowledge that my friend, P. Peter, the senior catechist of the Cooly

Mission in Kandy, collected, at my request 88 rupees, for this church from his friends in Ceylon; that 450 rupees were raised among us in the course of the last eight years; 25 rupees were given by the agents of the district; and 35 rupees were granted from the general fund of the district.

The church yet requires plastering on the outside a few pairs of wall-shades, mats for the floor, some protection for the glass window put up in the chancel, and varnish for the doors and windows to keep them from the rain and heat of the sun. All these will cost about 400 rupees. And, lastly, a congregation sufficiently large is the greatest want to this church. This church, I believe, was commenced in faith, and in anticipation that this will become a central place of worship to a group of villages containing about 1500 people, to whom, if all turned to God, it will be far from being sufficient. In the village itself there are about 400 people; to whom alone this will be just enough, when they become Christians. It appears that when this church was commenced, there was an influential Christian headman and a pretty large congregation, which perhaps had induced the Missionary in charge to begin this. But the headman soon after that died, and many who depended on him in a worldly point of view left the congregation. On account of the smallness of the congregation, a church like this was thought, even by good men, not wanted in this place. On the other hand, the enemies of Christ were hoping earnestly that the work would be given up, to their great joy. The funds also for the work were very slowly coming in. On account of these difficulties, the work was carried on with heaviness of mind and with mingled thoughts of hope and doubt. But the managers were forced to see that the Lord was carrying on the work, and they were even punished for manifesting any weakness of mind respecting it. The text of the sermon on the opening of it for prayers, and the matter given by the preacher, seemed to us, who were in anxiety of mind, with regard to the present state of this congregation, as a prophecy of what the Lord is going to do for this church hereafter, namely, that He will shake the people, and fill this house with glory, by turning and bringing them to worship in this church, and seek the salvation of their souls in this place. I am thankful to mention that He has already shaken three families, one just before, and the other two just after the opening of the church. And this, I hope in the Lord, is an encouraging token of a rich harvest of souls in this place.

#### TALAMPITIA.

##### *How the work was begun.*

KANDY is the mountainous district which occupies the south centre of the Island of Ceylon. When the Portuguese subdued the coast provinces, the Kandians, sheltered by their fortresses, set them at defiance, and retained their independence until 1815, when Kandy was taken by a British force, and the Kandians became the vassals of the English Crown.

Forthwith a Missionary station was commenced at Kandy, and has been

persistently carried on ever since. A congregation has been raised up, and a church built, towards the completion of which the native Christians subscribed not less than 500%. This congregation has its own native pastor. Few more interesting and pleasing sights can be witnessed than that which the Mission Church every Sunday presents. A native minister, not a novice, but one who has grown old in the work, conducts the service, the congregation, gathered chiefly from the most respectable families in the town, with a fair sprinkling of village Kandians, numbering about one hundred. The organ is played by a native lady, daughter of a member of the congregation, who, with considerable taste, leads the singing, the choir consisting of young native men.

It was felt, however, that more ought to be done, and Missionary effort, extending beyond the town, began to penetrate amongst the villagers of the hill-country. Accordingly, in 1853 a Missionary was appointed to itinerate through a district with a radius of fifty miles around the town of Kandy. Two native catechists were set apart to assist him. The work was one of difficulty, for the people knew nothing of Christianity, and, in the remote villages, many were ignorant even of its name. The labourers had to endure much fatigue, to walk many miles through the paddy fields and dense jungles, sometimes covered with leeches, sometimes knee-deep in water or mud, steep hills had to be climbed, and bad roads traversed. No tent awaited the Missionary at the end of a toilsome day, and if a coffee-planter's bungalow offered no shelter, he was glad to avail himself of some Kandian hut. There he generally found a simple meal, and stretched his weary limbs on a rough bedstead, or a mat, on which, however, the master of the house had previously spread the cleanest cloth which he possessed.

Kurunagalla, about twenty-seven miles north-west of Kandy, an important town, became the centre of operations, and here a native congregation was formed, and a small church erected. At two other places, Hanguranketta, and Maturata, small congregations were gathered, and at the former place, a neat little church was built by a native gentleman. Among other places visited from Kurunagalla, was Talampitia. The Missionary was accompanied by two native schoolmasters. They preached, conversed with the people, and left with them a New Testament and some tracts: no particular result seemed to follow at the time, but now, after the lapse of years, the fruit of the seed sown that day began to be abundantly reaped.

The Testament left with the villagers had been read, its truths had taken hold upon their minds, the Holy Spirit had applied them to their hearts, and, when the village was again visited, a crowd, attentive and earnest, gathered round, listening with eagerness to the glad tidings, some declaring their conviction that their former religion, Buddhism, was false and worthless, and that Christianity was true.

The happy result of this movement may be briefly told. Within a few months thirteen men came forward, professing their sincere and complete reliance on Christ, and displaying a knowledge of Bible truth, which alike delighted and astonished the Missionary.

It was a joyful day when these men, one of them formerly a Buddhist priest, assembled in the Kurunagalla church, and there, in the presence

of a large congregation, openly professed Christ, and were baptized in His name. These men became Missionaries in their turn. Wives and children, friends and relatives, were perishing in heathenism. Could these hold their peace? No, they went back to their village to tell others the story of the cross, and to strive to induce others to embrace the Saviour. They met with opposition and difficulty. Wives separated from husbands, who not only refused to join in their idolatries, but would not even permit heathen practices in their homes. Fathers threatened the most severe measures in case the younger men persisted in thus declaring their faith, but all was in vain. It was God's work, and who could hinder it? The Christians went from house to house, and village to village, proclaiming the truth earnestly, but quietly and unobtrusively; and in less than a year inquirers were to be found in several other villages; and fourteen more adults, some of them the wives of men, who on the first occasion were baptized, expressed their desire of being admitted to the congregation of Christ's church. Thus in one year twenty-seven men and women, who had been brought up in the belief and practice of Buddhism and devil-worship, were led to surrender themselves to Christ, and profess Him openly before the world.

Under the superintendence of the Missionaries the church at Talampitia continued to prosper and expand, which it still continues to do. In it and the neighbouring villages there are now about fifty converts from heathenism, several of them men of much intellect as well as deep spirituality, and many others are candidates for baptism, and inquirers after truth. It is a remarkable fact, illustrative of the influence which true Christianity exercises, that while, among our nominal Christians in parts of the low country, Buddhist and devil ceremonies are still common, even the heathen in the neighbourhood of Talampitia have, to a great extent, abandoned such practices, having learnt their folly and uselessness from the example and conversation of those earnest and faithful men.

The Gospel is now constantly preached in the streets of Kandy, Gampola, Kaigalle, Kurunagalla, and in the villages around. The native catechists appear to be growing, not only in knowledge and earnestness, but also in the power of conveying the truth to others. The people generally listen with attention, and, as when the Saviour Himself preached on earth, "the common people heard Him gladly," so now it is often remarked that it is this class which gives most earnest heed when the Gospel is proclaimed.

The Missionary says, "I have often wondered when preaching in public places at the attention paid by the 'common people.' Sometimes the Ceylon 'Pharisees' are seen stretching out the lip of scorn as they pass by, but others tremble as we speak of the 'wrath to come.'"

Catechists are now stationed in central towns such as those that have been mentioned, and thus are brought into daily contact with the large crowds who resort to such places for litigation and for purposes of trade. The practice of going to the police courts in the mornings, before the arrival of the magistrates, and preaching to the assembled natives, has been very successful. Hundreds of people have often listened earnestly for an hour together. Sometimes they become angry and bitter, as the folly and uselessness of Buddhism are exposed, but on no occasion have

the preachers been unable to collect an audience ; and, when visiting the villages, persons are frequently met with who have in this way heard the Gospel. During the past year the way of salvation has been preached to probably not less than 50,000 people.

For fifteen years the itinerating has been going on, and has expanded far beyond what was at first contemplated. There are now employed in it, besides the European Missionary, ten native catechists ; and among the converts many exert themselves diligently to extend the knowledge of the salvation which they have themselves learned to prize.

It is not so easy to estimate the benefits of itinerating labour, as it is to calculate the results of station work ; but without hesitation it may be asserted that the Kandian itineration has been productive of much good. There is much knowledge of the Christian religion among the heathen of Harispattoo, Tumpane, Hewahetta, Yatinuwera, and Four and Seven Korles, and among many there is an evident spirit of inquiry. The number of such is larger than at any former time. There is, it is true, in some places, determined bitter opposition. Many, like Demetrius of old, gain their livelihood from heathen practices and superstition ; and these act as he did, in striving to stir up persecution, when they think their craft is in danger ; and though their blasphemy and scorn are at times hard to bear, yet they may be regarded as affording no unimportant testimony to the effect which is being produced, and, as signs that Satan is becoming alarmed for his kingdom, cause the labourers to look to the future with much hope. For results which cannot be gainsayed, we point to the green fields of Talampitia and Hewadiwala. Such a movement as has there for some years been going on has a marked effect on the whole district, indeed on the whole native church.

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### "I'VE FOUND THE PEARL."

I've found the Pearl of greatest price !

My heart doth sing with joy ;  
And sing I must, a Christ I have !  
Oh ! what a Christ have I.

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,  
He is the King of kings ;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,  
Which in God's garden grows ;  
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal :  
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,  
My Medicine and my Health ;  
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,  
My Glory and my Wealth.



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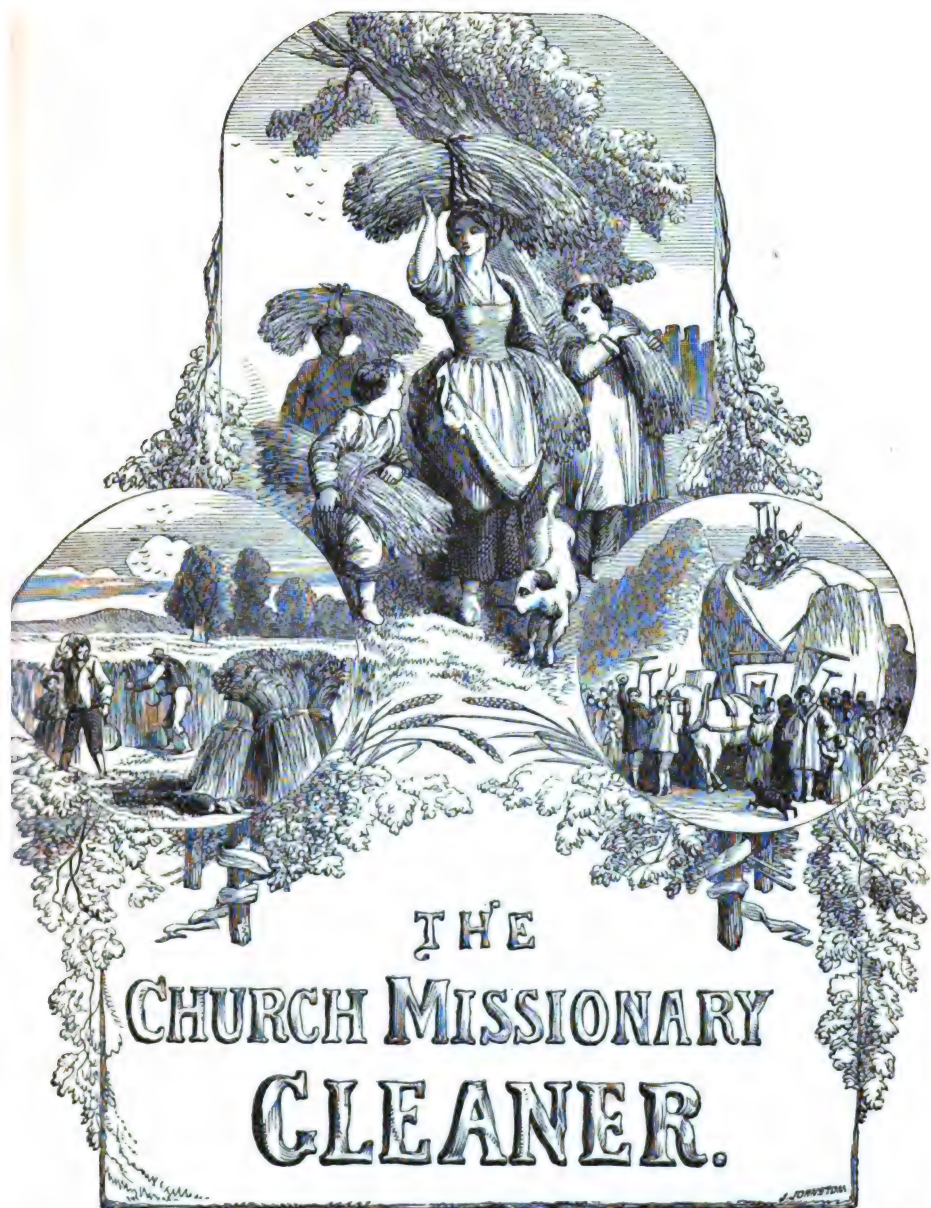
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## FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

THE city of Fuh-Chau in North China is situated about thirty-five miles from the mouth of the river Min. It is a walled city, the circuit of the walls being about eight and a half miles,



SOUTHERN SUBURB OF FUH-CHAU.

*April, 1870.*

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and the population of city and suburbs, "including the people dwelling in boats," is estimated by Mr. Doolittle at not far from 1,000,000.

The foreign residents live principally on the hill near the southern bank of the Min. Standing on that hill, and looking towards the east, north, and west, the scenery is beautiful. To the eastward, looming up five or six miles distant, is "Drum Mountain." Nearer is the river, with its multitude of junks and boats. As one glances in a more northern direction, parts of the city come within range. In it the white pagoda and the watch-tower are prominent objects. Between the city and the river, apparently about midway, may be seen the roof and belfry of a brick church belonging to the mission of the American Board. In the city, Black Rock Hill is conspicuous (at the left in the picture), and nearer, in the suburbs, are seen Great Temple Hill and several spacious foreign honges.

In this city the Church Missionary Society has three European missionaries; but they are not alone. A native Christian congregation has been raised up. Although a little flock compared with the teeming multitudes around, yet it has yielded to the service of the mission many earnest and faithful evangelists. These men have been planted out in many of the towns and cities of the interior, and there they have been reproducing their Christianity. They have been as a salt in the midst of the vast and populous province of Fuh-Chau; they have been as leaven in the lump. The movement in favour of Christianity has been such, that the class most embittered against foreigners, and against all changes brought about by foreign influence, namely, the literary class, took the alarm, and there has been a heavy persecution, in which our native Christians have suffered much. This mission field at the present time excites much anxiety. We doubt not that the following letter from our missionary, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, dated January 7, 1870, will be read with deep interest, and we do trust lead to many prayers on behalf of China and its people.

"I regret to say that the old prejudices and unfriendly feelings against foreigners have very considerably been revived in this city during the year, especially among the gentry and literary classes. This hostile feeling has to some extent affected the masses, and has naturally extended itself to Christianity and the native converts. It has therefore clearly acted very unfavourably on our Mission work everywhere, but to a far greater extent in this rendezvous of literary pride and official self-conceit, than in the country, where the gentry are not so numerous nor their influence so much felt. It is believed here in Fuh-Chau, and upon very good authority too, that the gentry and literary class have had private instructions from Peking to obstruct in every way the progress of foreigners, provided they did not involve the Government by acting as if they had its sanction for their misdeeds. However this may be, hostility against foreigners is the order of the day, and I notice it here because it has materially affected our Mission work in this city, and throughout the

country. But notwithstanding, the Gospel has been faithfully proclaimed, and its claims incessantly and boldly brought before the people, both by public preaching and private conversation, and by the distribution of tracts and the circulation of God's word; and though there has not been that violent opposition which has been manifested in some parts of the country against Missionary operations, there has been manifested on the part of the literati of Fuh-Chau a bitter hatred and contempt for the foreign religion; and amongst the people generally a coldness and indifference towards it which is very discouraging and painful indeed. On the whole, one's feelings with respect to this city during the year, from a Missionary point of view, may be summed up in the words of the Prophet, 'All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.'

### *Country Outstation Work.*

"The district under my charge comprises an area of about 30,000 miles (90,000 Chinese li) and embraces the three Hien of Ning-Taik, Lo-Nguong, and Lieng Kong, and portions of the Aw-Kuang and Ming Hien. It is occupied at present by eleven Church Missionary Society's Stations, with twelve Native Catechists, two of whom combine the offices of schoolmaster and catechist. There are besides, three schools taught by schoolmasters, three of whom are members of the Church. The fourth is a heathen. There are in addition three villages, in which Christians and enquirers have spontaneously formed themselves into small congregations, one of their number giving up his house for Sabbath meetings, &c. The Sunday services are conducted either by one of themselves, or by a private Christian from one of the adjoining Stations, occasionally assisted by a Catechist from the nearest Mission station. It is difficult to state the exact number of Christians throughout this district at the present moment, but last summer those who attended the Sunday services, and placed themselves on the list of candidates for baptism, including women and children, exceeded eight hundred. At the beginning of the year, especially in the Lo-Nguong Hien, the Lord's work became exceedingly interesting and deeply encouraging, and I was enabled on the occasion of my visit during the spring to baptize fifty adults out of the large numbers that presented themselves for the sacred rite. This interest, chiefly through the instrumentality of three or four old men, members of the Lo-Nguong Church, continued to increase rapidly, and towards the end of May, the result assumed a cheering and to me a most satisfactory feature. The members manifested a desire to help in sending the Gospel to their dark fellow countrymen. At the instance of the Rev. Wong Kiu Taik, our beloved native brother, who was at this time amongst them, they formed themselves into a Missionary body for sending a teacher, or teachers, into the larger villages of the district. On the Lord's Day, the last but one, however, that they were all permitted to meet together again to worship God, they subscribed 34 dollars for the object, and 15 more for the rent of a suitable chapel, in whatever place they should afterwards decide to open a Mission Station. The leading members in this

hopeful movement were the old men already mentioned, and who have since been called upon to suffer so severely. The following Sunday the storm of persecution burst upon them with violence, sudden and severe, and continued till it has scattered the various little bands of Christians and enquirers, and, humanly speaking, put an end to all progress for the present at least, and nipped in the bud the hopes and aspirations which we had formed of this infant Church. In this persecution, which was entirely the work of the gentry and Government officials, our chapels were pulled down, the houses of the more wealthy converts destroyed, and all their property taken away, and themselves reduced to poverty and distress. For five long months, all who were suspected of Christianity were hunted by the police, who entered the Christians' houses and took away forcibly all that they could lay hold of, and in some cases broke the houses. Others were thrown into prison on the most abominable charges, and severely tortured with the bamboo, in order to compel them to make a confession of guilt. Others again, and feeble old men, were dragged through the streets in chains, with their heads covered with their own blood, the result of the cruelty of their persecutors, and only escaped imprisonment and further torture by paying considerable sums of money to their tormentors. Whenever they assembled for worship on the Lord's Day they were closely watched by the police, and the houses in which they met torn to pieces, unless immunity was purchased by money to the persecutors. If they appealed to the magistrates, which on two or three occasions they did, against this cruel injustice, their appeals were contemptuously refused, and themselves threatened with imprisonment if they again appeared. The officials and gentry gave out that it was treason against the Emperor to embrace Christianity, that they had authority to apprehend Christians, and treat them as rebels wherever they found them, and that they were determined to root out Christianity from the district. The vigour and resolution with which they pursued this object for several months, and the evident goodwill which the mandarins manifested towards their designs, led the people to believe that Christianity was in reality a proscribed faith. The Christians became alarmed, and many of the weak and wavering among them succumbed, for a time, at least, to the thickening storm. This persecution from first to last was altogether the work of the gentry and officials, who intensely hate and dread the influence of foreigners, and became alarmed at the rapid progress which Christianity was making throughout the district. That the high authorities in Fuh-Chau share these hostile and bitter feelings is too evident from the persistent opposition which they offer to every proposal for an equitable settlement of the matter, according to the terms of the treaty. More than seven months have now elapsed, and the mandarins have taken no steps to show that they disapprove of the persecution. The chapels are still in ruins, and the authorities refuse to apprehend or punish the ringleaders. As long as this is the case, the people will have the idea that Christianity is continued to be proscribed by the Government, and the gentry and Yamen officials boldly and industriously circulate and keep up this impression, to the great injury of our work.

"At present, there is no violent persecution, but the dread that the sword which is being suspended over them may at any time fall upon them, alarms the Christians, and deters many from joining a cause which in their hearts they believe to be the truth. One of those who suffered most in the persecution, and who has since his conversion been the foremost in zeal for Christ, said to me the other day, 'Ah, sir, had it not been for this wicked persecution, more than 1,000 souls in my village would have joined the Church this year. It was a clever move of Satan.' This old man has himself been the principal agent in creating all this interest in his own village.

"From other parts of this district encouragement has not been denied us during the year. At Ning-Taik, where hitherto there has been little or no success, an interest has been awakened which I hope will ripen into a rich harvest of faithful converts. In a large village about 100 li from the city of Ning-Taik, several, through the efforts of the colporteurs, have joined together to keep the Sabbath and worship God, and their numbers seem gradually increasing. The Ning-Taik Catechist and Colporteur visit them alternately, and their reports are interesting and encouraging. On the whole, I cannot but hope, notwithstanding the difficulties of the past year, that if the work is carried on in this district with energy and discretion—not expecting too much at first from those who are emerging from the long dark night of heathenism, but dealing patiently and lovingly with their many faults and shortcomings—a bright and a glorious day will ere long dawn upon this district, and the Lo-Nguong church, rising above her present trials and difficulties, will shine forth with renewed energy and faith."

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### SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

AMONG other signs of progress of the Kingdom of God in Bengal, is the establishment of a weekly Christian newspaper in the Bengalee language, and conducted by Native brethren of various churches. It bears the title of "Saptahik Songbad" (*The Weekly News*). An extract or two from this paper will be of interest to our readers, for the translation of which we are indebted to the Rev. G. H. Rouse, LL.B. The first is interesting for the comments made on the fact recorded:—

"On January 31st last, the Bishop of Madras ordained thirty-four Native Christians to the office of ministers of the Gospel. They are to labor in connection with the churches in Tinnevely, under the auspices of the Church Missionary and Propagation Societies. The Native churches will furnish the half of their salary. We have also heard that in Travancore, under the care of the London Missionary Society, there are 32,000 Native Christians. These are accustomed, every month, to make a collection towards the support of their teachers.

"These people are not prosperous people, like the Calcutta Christians. Like the brethren of Krishnagur and the Southern villages, they are labouring men. How great their zeal, to be independent churches! By reason of this zeal, their poverty is able to place no hindrance in the way of their desire to be independent. We have no such zeal. We are



in the receipt of 100, 150, 200 rupees monthly salary, yet we impose upon the liberality of foreigners the charge of supporting those who every Sunday instruct us in the truths of religion, and we think nothing about it ourselves. There are those amongst us who, if they had zeal, could any one of them make a Church independent of foreign aid ; but they have no zeal. How can we give it them ? We have been a long time depending upon others. Now, Bengalee Brethren, let us in every respect seek to exhibit a desire to be independent. How long shall we continue to cling to the neck of foreign Christians ? ”

We devoutly pray that such an appeal as this may reach the hearts of our Bengalee Native Christians. It will be a great day for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, when they shall with one heart strive together for the faith of the Gospel. The next extract is interesting as a proof of the decline of idolatry in Calcutta :—

“ Some old, respectable people at Calcutta have again established the Dharmasabha (Society of Religion). Its object is to preserve the Hindu religion. All intelligent people will understand how much good is likely to come from an attempt to preserve Hinduism. It would be more wise for Hindus of the present time to examine the Hindu Shastras to see whether Hinduism is true or false—whether salvation can be obtained by it or not. Otherwise the attempt to patch up the old garment will only make those who attempt it look more ridiculous. We expect that in a few years the barbarous Churruck Pooja (swinging festival) will be seen no more. Ever since the piercing with hooks has been forbidden, the excitement of the Pooja has become considerably less. Now, at Calcutta, the Festival is much less frequented than it used to be. Formerly, on the swinging day, it was difficult to move in the street in front of our office. Now, the number of people in the streets is about the same as on other days. In the case of the Doorga Pooja also, and other festivals, the attendance and excitement are gradually lessening. All this is a sign of good to the people.”—*American Missionary Herald*.

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#### BADAGRY.

THE Niger Expedition of 1841 served a good purpose. It moved the liberated Africans of Sierra Leone to break up from the temporary home where they had been sheltered, and to return in considerable numbers to the lands of their birth, bringing with them for communication to their countrymen the Christianity which they had been taught. The Yorubas were the first of these migrating races, and Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, to the west of Lagos, was their port of landing, from whence they sought access into the interior.

The movement homeward of these people led to the commencement of the Yoruba Mission. They prayed that Missionaries might accompany them, and Missionaries were sent, the two first places occupied being Abeokuta in the interior, and Badagry on the coast.

Of the first of these places, and the results which have been obtained, by the blessing of God, on the preaching of His word, it is not our



purpose to speak now, except to say that Christianity has been planted there, and a Christian church raised up, which, although now for two years without the presence of a European Missionary, is nevertheless standing its ground, and becoming more and more rooted in the land. With Badagry, however, it has been far otherwise. Long did it seem to be a barren soil, the Popoes, both chiefs and people, being specially indifferent to the teaching of the Missionaries.

But it is well said, "though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." When once we have sown a field with the incorruptible seed of God's word, we ought never to leave it because the spring-time is delayed. We may be driven out, but of ourselves we should never leave. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it until he receive the early and the latter rain." Shall the husbandman be thus patient in waiting for a harvest, which, after all, may fail, and shall they who preach that word, concerning which the Lord has promised, "My word shall not return to me void," grow discouraged, and desert the post before the harvest comes ?

Badagry, indeed, was left for a time, but only for a time. It was taken up again, and now, from our African Missionary who has been labouring there for many years, we receive accounts which are full of promise. He assures us that the aspect of the work is more encouraging than it has been in any previous year. Not only do the dry bones begin to move, but they are becoming living and effective men, fit for the Saviour's service.

Preaching had been carried on in a part of the town called Fiantos Street, until the illness of the catechist obliged Mr. Pearse to suspend it. He had no reason to think that any good had been done : but one fortnight afterwards he observed in church two persons from that neighbourhood, one Posu, a Popo, and a friend of his called Odunogun, a son of a former king of Lagos. These two, who had formerly been the pests of the place, came, after service was over, to Mr. Pearse, and said that they wished to serve God. The following conversation ensued—

Mr. Pearse asked, "Are you tired with your fetishes ?" Odunogun replied, "I have no fetish whatever. When I was a little boy, my father procured me Ifa, but on the same day we removed with my father from this place to be reinstated at Lagos, my Ifa accidentally dropped into the river : since then I have not cared to have another instead. You know I was a well-known thief here. I am tired of that now. I desire to serve God, not half and half, but with all my heart, as I once served the devil and wounded my own heart." Posu then replied, in reference to my question, thus—"You remember that day when you talked to us about Ifa at Franko (the name of that quarter of the town) ?" I replied, "I don't quite recollect now, but I believe I did." "Well," he rejoined, "those words you said that day are truths which I can never forget. You said, 'Which of these two should be the servant, the master or his slave ?' and we replied, 'The slave.' Then you said that the women were by far wiser than we men ; that they would with fifteen strings of cowries buy a basketful of palm-nuts, but

that we take from forty to sixty heads of cowries to the Babalawos, and received only sixteen palm-nuts, which we call Ifa. My companions laughed heartily, but I could not laugh, for my Ifa cost me exactly sixty heads of cowries, and the troubles that drove me to take it never ceased, but rather increased, since. You then insisted that it was actually 'buying,' and not 'receiving,' as we called the act; that there was really no difference between the action of a man who carried sixty heads of cowries into the market and bought a slave, and that of another man who carried sixty heads of cowries to the Babalawos and bought sixteen palm-nuts; that both were, in truth, 'buying.' You further said that our slaves, sixteen palm-nuts, being thus carried home, we became their servants, and began to serve them. I cannot describe how vexed I was with myself that day. When I went home I could not sleep, sit, or have any ease. I said if the Babalawos had broken into my house and stolen my sixty heads of cowries I could have taken them up as thieves, but I stole myself, I carried the cowries myself, I have nobody to blame but myself. That very night I took the bag containing my Ifa, went to the field and buried it in the ground. I missed you under the tree the following Sunday, and therefore, when I did not see you four days ago, I followed after you to church." These two men, I am thankful to say, are very promising attendants at the means of grace.

Another promising candidate for baptism is Noviejon. He brought me a lot of short brooms tied in a parcel, about the length and thickness of the middle finger, pasted with chewed kola-nuts: this is called Karo. He was dangerously ill, and the Babalawos said it was Ifa that was plaguing him, and this Karo was given him in preparation to receive Ifa. It cost him twenty heads of cowries. By the instrumentality of Jacob Dosa this man was brought to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Oso, and Agbekorode his wife, have also renounced their idols, to seek shelter under the cross of Christ. The wife was first persuaded to attend divine service by one of our people, but it was against the pleasure of her husband, who threatened to put her away unless she would give up going to the house of God. Instead of yielding to her husband's wish, she begged me to help her to speak to him, which I did, and, after some time, the man began to attend the house of God, which he continued to do, in company with his wife, and on November 10th they voluntarily delivered up all their idols, already mutilated with their own hands.

Orunyomi, a slave from Agada, a farm village of Porto Novo, and a Babalawo, is now a free man, and a candidate for baptism. He was acquainted with Akibode\* at Addo some two years ago, as a senior Babalawo. He left Agada with a view to practise the Ifa-craft from place to place as far as Lagos, and then to return. He got to a place called Ijégó near Ipokia, and there met with Akibode, who left on a short visit to his people, not as a Babalawo, but as a preacher of the Gospel of salvation to his people. The man, quite dumb with surprise and wonder, accompanied Akibode home, who introduced him to me by the name

\* See *Gleaner*, for 1864, p. 2.

of Osu (Ifa's servant). The man said, "I am but a young man compared with Akibode: I know not the tenth part of what Akibode knows in Ifa. He sees danger in that way hereafter, and so runs from it as to abandon Ifa. Who am I to stand against a danger which makes Akibode fly? I flee at once from the wrath to come: I fly to God Himself, because I know Ifa cannot save me." I persuaded this man in vain to keep his Ifa for a little while until he has heard the word of God more fully. "No," said he; "what I have heard is enough. I know that Ifa is truly the devil's implement, and therefore, as I give myself to God, I will not keep the devil's property any longer." In about a fortnight after, he came to tell me that he would not keep his name Osu either, but will assume a better name, viz., "Orunyomi," *i.e.*, "God saves me," literally, "Heaven saves me," because he is not returning again to Agada, and thus he is doubly free.

One portion of the population remains unmoved, the old people, who are rapidly passing out of sight into eternity. They who ought to be most thoughtful, are the least so. Indifference to the soul's salvation is a painful sight at any age, but the older the human being the more painful is the spectacle.

I regret to state, that the old generation is fast passing away, without any visible sign of religious awakening. My only hope is that fetish worship will also pass away with them. The past year has cheered up our hopes in reference to many among the middle generation. Already many are privately convinced of the vanity of idolatry, but are only deterred by the old people from making a public profession of the Gospel. Many have encouraged our people to go on, and promised to follow after before long. There is a general cessation of the public fetish dancings, once so notorious in this place.

Nothing, however, is too hard for the Lord. Let there be much prayer offered by those who read these instances of conversion among the heathen at Badagry, that they may be real, genuine, and enduring, and that from amongst the old men many may become as little children.

#### FLOODS IN TINNEVELLY.

THE following letters from some of our Missionaries in Tinnevelly give full particulars of this disastrous event. The Rev. E. Sargent writes from Palamcottah, Nov. 18, 1869—

We have had rather an anxious time of it for the last two days. The monsoon failed us at its usual time in October, and we hardly had any rain worth speaking of till the 28th of last month; then it cleared up after a few hours, and we had only an occasional shower or so, till last Sunday, when it rained so heavily all the afternoon that the English service at six o'clock in the evening had to be given up. Monday was a clear day, but on Tuesday we had very heavy rain, which continued till about nine o'clock at night, when the wind rose and blew hard till about two o'clock on Wednesday morning. The rain, which seemed to

hold off during the gale, now poured down in torrents. The river rose far beyond its usual flood-levels, and the houses of the European residents in the neighbourhood were surrounded with water from two to three or four feet deep. There was no saying how much higher the water might rise, for it is in the memory of old people here, that some forty-two years ago, when there was no bridge in any way to obstruct the free passage of the stream, the river had flooded both its banks and stood some two or three feet above the flooring of the houses close by. By four o'clock on Wednesday morning the alarm was given that the houses were being flooded, and the family of the Judge and of the Superintendent of Police, including five young children, were obliged to make what haste they could in gaining shelter on higher ground. As my house was the first they could come at, they turned in to us, and glad we were in any way to contribute to their comfort. The depth of water crossed on gaining the high road from the house may be inferred from the fact that one of the ladies, though carried in a chair on men's shoulders, had her feet touching the water for a good part of the way from the house to the main road, and this not standing water, but water rushing at a great speed from the river bank between the bridge and the house, and covering the garden and the level country beyond. As the day broke the desolation was apparent. The high road was strewn with fallen trees, and every garden had suffered severely. At least 200 trees in the neighbourhood of Palamcottah had been blown down by the wind, the general direction in which they lay indicating that the wind had come from the proper monsoon quarter—north-east. Of course the centre of interest lay in our beautiful bridge, built by the princely donation of a wealthy native gentleman, under English engineers.

By eight o'clock several gentlemen had got to the place. The index on the left land pier, which indicates as high as twenty-one feet, was covered, but observation showed that the water was subsiding. A look along the parapet showed that the centre piers, or rather the piers on this side the centre, had sunk a little, and that this solid and beautiful structure might at any moment be swept away during the mighty pressure which was now bearing on it. It is known that some of the ten piers on which the bridge stands had to be constructed on walls that had been carried down to a firm bottom, while the rest of the piers are built on the rock. The rain, which seemed for some hours to clear away, came on again before noon on Wednesday, and by twelve o'clock last night the water had risen about a foot higher even than on the previous night. But the bridge does not seem to have suffered any more than what was apparent at first, and, having stood thus much, we may hope that its day is yet for a long time to come. It is said that several large tanks higher up have burst their bounds, and that this flow of water caused the rise, which at one time threatened so alarmingly. When the water was at its height it was night time, when little could be distinctly seen, but in the day-light, when the flood had even subsided some two feet or so, the whole country to the south of the bridge, being paddy land, was one sheet of water as far as the eye could reach on to the belt of palmyra-trees, more than a mile to the south. Water three feet deep

was also running through the streets of the town of Tinnevelly some two miles off. I need not say that every house in Palamcottah was leaking and uncomfortable. Last year we had  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches of rain in October, and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches in November, *i. e.* about 14 inches in two months. This year we had hardly half an inch in October but within seventeen days from the first of November we have had nearly  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches of rain. The beautiful portico in Grecian style in the front of our Mission church to-day came down with a tremendous crash. It was built by Mr. Pettitt twenty-five years ago, and was very much admired by the natives. I hope the Committee or Christian friends at Madras will kindly enable me speedily to restore this porch, as, without it, the tower looks very unsightly. Part of the wall, also, in front of our girls' school has fallen down, and every cork-tree on the premises. I am apprehensive of the front verandah of my house being shaky, and coming to grief. Four of the houses in which our printing-office men lived have fallen in, and the houses of three other poor natives, but providentially no lives were lost. All this while the barometer indicated but a very small fall. The thermometer ranged from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $82^{\circ}$ . Tinnevelly is so flat a country, and the beds of its rivers so shallow, that a fall of seven inches is more than the rivers can readily carry off. The neighbourhood soon gets flooded, and the usual consequences follow.

In Palamcottah some fifty or sixty dwellings and outhouses have fallen in. A great destruction has been made in the regimental lines; but I believe there has been no loss of life. From other places news comes in slowly of disasters there. The new bridge near Tiruhankudy, which cost some 12,000 rupees, is said to have been carried away. One of my catechists has just come in to say that the church in his village, as well as his own house, has fallen in. Many of the river-fed tanks have burst their banks, and great damage has been done to the kar crop in all directions. The Tapal men, who leave their several stations on Monday, and generally come here on Tuesday morning, did not make their appearance till Thursday, owing to the state of the roads.

Since writing the above, the crack in the bridge has evidently increased, for now there are not only fissures in the parapet on both sides, but a treacherous-looking narrow gap is visible running across the bridge diagonally on the pathway. I remember the opening of this structure some twenty-five years ago. A bridge so scientifically and substantially built was supposed to defy anything that the waters of the Tambiravarni could inflict, and indeed a finer and stronger piece of workmanship, with its eleven arches, each sixty feet in the span, is not to be seen in Southern India.

*Nov. 24.*—Our worst fears about the bridge have been verified. At half-past two o'clock this morning four of the eleven of the arches came down with a fearful crash. The ruin is sad to look upon. Boats are now employed to carry passengers across, as in old times. All over the district we hear of damages committed by the excessive fall of rain. Hundreds of tanks have burst their dams. The district has been thrown back twenty years. I am thankful, however, to add, that as yet we are free from sickness.

The Rev. J. Thomas writes from Megnanapuram, Nov. 22—

We have, through God's good providence, escaped a most grievous calamity, if, indeed, we have quite escaped, but I hope we have. The whole of Tinnevely has been more or less inundated. All the tanks to the west of us burst their banks, and there came such an overwhelming flood, that a large tank just a mile from us could not stand the pressure, and the bank went in three places. Had it not been for the most strenuous efforts day and night on our part, there would have been two or three feet of water in our bungalow at that moment. The only difficulty now is to guard the two dams. Men watch them day and night, for we are not inapprehensive that they may be broken down by jealous neighbours whose houses have been destroyed. Numbers of villages have been flooded, and the people are on the sandhills without any protection.

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"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

ZECH. XIV. 7.

It may be that the day is dreary,  
It may be we are very weary,  
It may be we have battled long,  
It may be that our foes are strong,—  
Yet we a word behind us hear  
Which shall our drooping spirits cheer,  
And help to nerve us for the fight—  
"At evening time it shall be light."

Full oft perplexed with many fears,  
In sorrow shedding many tears;  
The shadows now we see are length'ning,  
The darkness deep'ning, evil strength'ning,  
But Faith shall kindle from the night  
A ray of Hope to make it bright—  
"At evening time it shall be light."

In Jesus now we would abide,  
He is our refuge where to hide,  
We're safe in Him whate'er betide—  
But O we long for that glad day  
When He shall come in bright array—  
Caught up to meet our glorious King  
We'll join the Saints whom He shall bring—  
And in His beauty, by His Grace  
Our eyes shall then behold His face—  
When thus He cometh in His might:  
"At evening time it shall be light."

And then shall dawn that day so bright  
That needs no sun, shall know no night,  
For God the LORD shall be its light.—L. G.





## CONTENTS.

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FUH-CHAU, CHINA (With a Cut) . . . . .	37
SIGNS OF PROGRESS . . . . .	41
BADAGRY . . . . .	42
FLOODS IN TINNEVELLY . . . . .	45
"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT." . . . .	48

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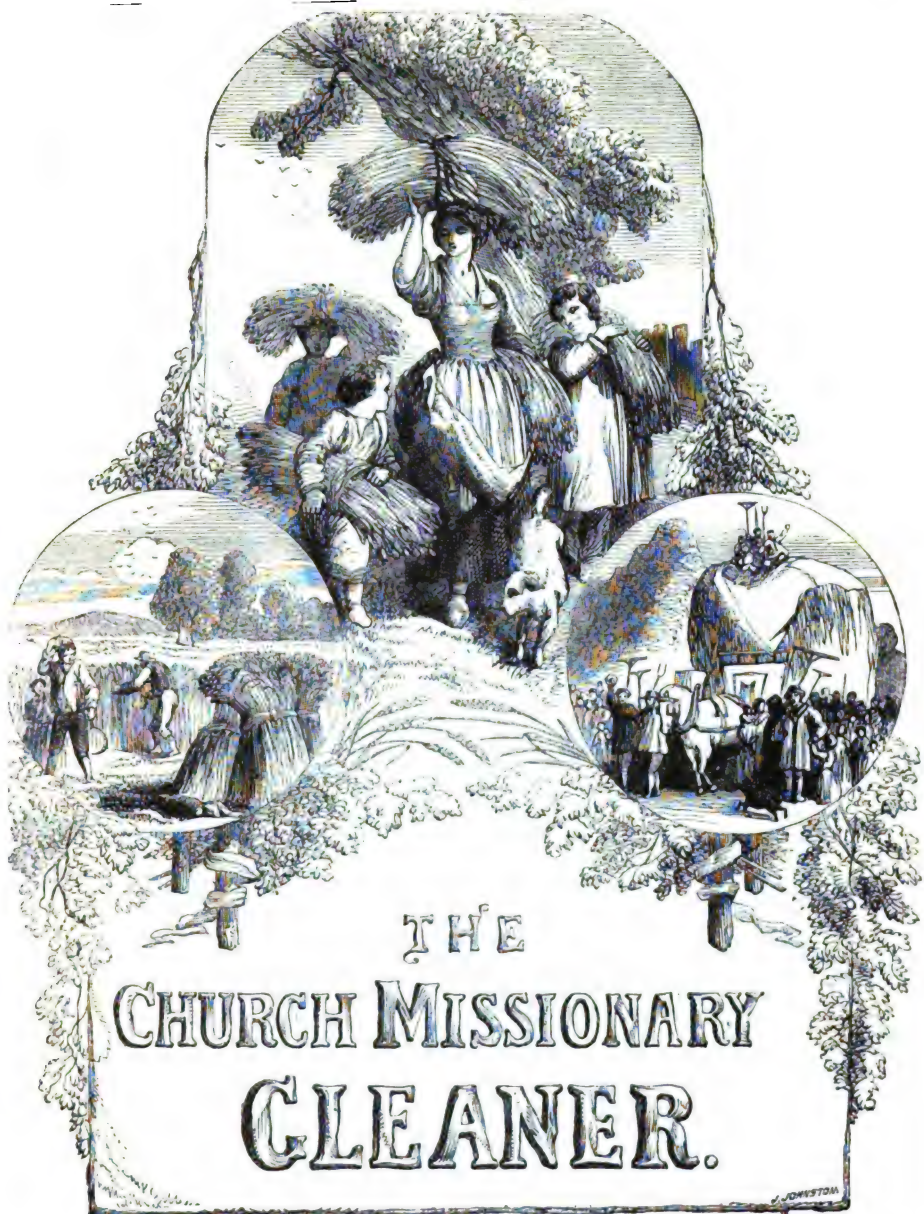
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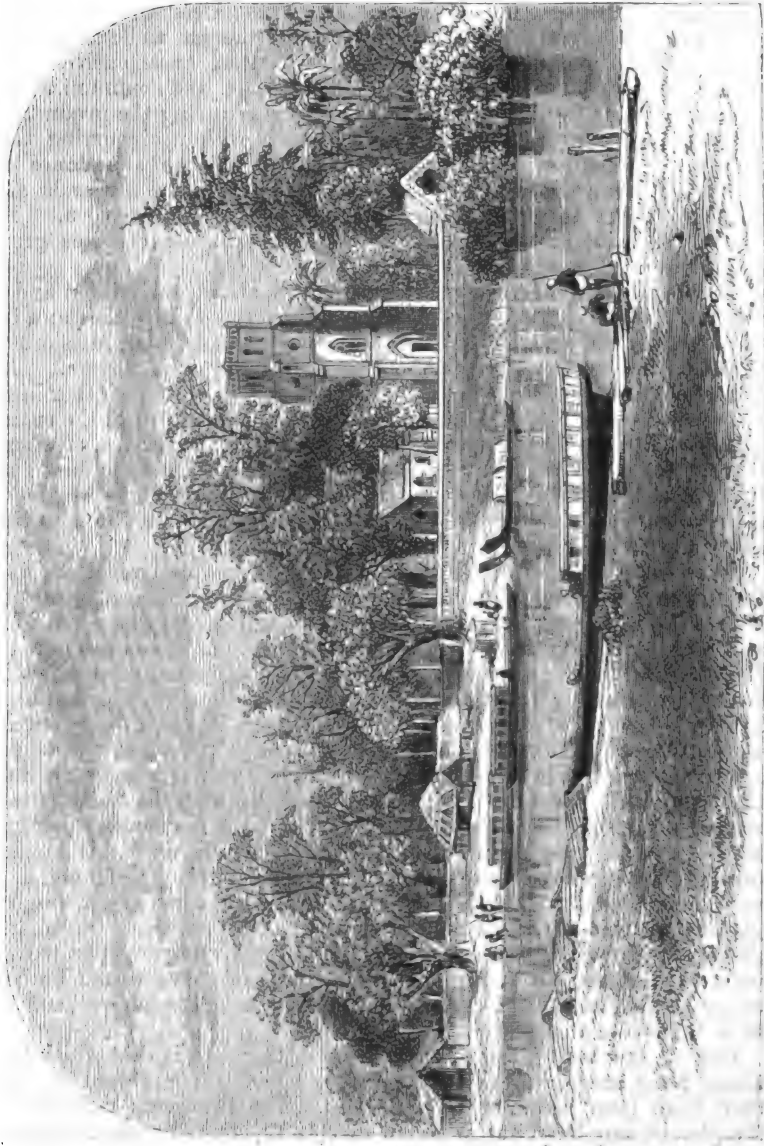
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# TRAVANCORE AND ITS MISSION WORK.

TRAVANCORE is a heathen state in South India lying along the Western or Malabar coast. It is one of the richest portions of the peninsular. Its shape is long and narrow. For the distance of ten or twelve



MAVELICARA CHURCH, TRAVANCORE. (From a Photograph.)

May, 1870.

F

miles inland, it is flat, or nearly so, with gentle swellings, which are available for cultivation. Beyond this tract two hills rise, and at the back of all runs the great chain of mountains, called the Western Ghauts, which divides Travancore from Tinnevely, covered with forests and dense jungle, the haunts of the elephant and the wild tiger. It is a well-watered land, this kingdom of Travancore. Numberless streams, having their sources in the mountains, flow towards the sea, while at a short distance from the sea-shore extend the backwaters, an extensive series of shallow lakes running parallel with the coast, and communicating with the sea at certain places, by which boats bearing the produce of the country may pass from north to south without incurring the danger of coast navigation. In consequence of the abundance of water the country is green all the year round. In the lowlands are extensive fields of rice; in drier spots fine crops of corn. In scanty places cocoa-nuts abound. Pepper and other spices grow abundantly.

The population of this country numbers about one million and a quarter. When pure Christianity was introduced into the land by the Missionaries of the Church Missionary and London Missionary Societies, the people were found to be in a strangely divided state. The Brahmins are the highest and ruling caste; then come other high castes, such as Nairs, Sudras, numbering about one-third of the entire population; next the low caste; and, last of all, the slaves, of whom there are about 128,000. Each caste was despised and oppressed by those above it. The lower in the scale the heavier the weight of oppression which rested on that section of the population, and the slaves were therefore the most cruelly treated of all.

Now there had been in this country a people called Syrian Christians. So long have they been there that it is not precisely known when they first arrived. Had their Christianity been truthful and vivid it would have enlightened the land, but it was not pure at the time of their first arrival, and it became more and more clouded. Instead of gaining upon the surrounding heathenism, the darkness aggressed on it, and as we found this church it was a dead church, without truth or life, or holiness or usefulness. The Church Missionary Society tried to do good, and set about the effort of warming it into life. We would have dealt with it as Elisha did with the Shunamite's son, when he laid himself upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, until the child came to life and opened his eyes; but they would not, and we were obliged to turn to the heathen, and now there are in our congregations in this kingdom no less than 12,000 professing Christians gathered out from all sections of the population, no longer separated by caste distinctions, but uniting in the worship of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and communicating in Christian ordinances, so as to form one people.

One of the most interesting portions of the work is that which has taken place among the slaves. If they have been oppressed by man they have been favoured by the Lord. The Brahmins remain like the ghauts, very lofty, but, with few exceptions, covered with the gloomy

forests of heathenism ; but the slaves are like the lowlands, bringing forth Christian fruit.

One of the first efforts on behalf of these people was brought about in the following way. Our Missionary, the Rev. H. Baker, had been up the hills visiting a tribe of hill people called Arrians. As he passed along an elephant track by the side of a lofty mountain he observed a thin volume of smoke rising among the rocks. Silently the party climbed, expecting to find hunters or smugglers, instead of which they discovered in a hut, hid in the nook of a granite cliff, two men with their wives in a state of the greatest destitution. The men were clothed in pieces of bark beaten into a matted substance, but the poor women had no covering but small green twigs, tied to cords as a fringe round their middle. They were slaves who had fled from the plains nearly one hundred miles distant, from the tyranny of their master, and there they had been for many months, living on wild honey, roots, and wild fruit ; and yet they were not without their idol. A stone had been set up under a tiny shed, to which offerings of fruits and toddy drawn from the wild palm were duly presented.

These poor creatures were persuaded to come down to the Christian village of Mundakyum, where they made themselves useful in helping to drive away the elephants and other wild animals, the Christian people paying them here for the work they did. Very different indeed was this treatment from the scars and wounds and burnings which they had been wont to receive at the hands of their heathen masters.

Just about this time the Rev. N. J. Moody, then our Corresponding Secretary at Madras, visited Mundakyum. He was much interested in the poor slaves, and learned that there were numbers of them to be found living in various parts of the jungles. These facts he mentioned in a letter to some friends at Stamford, where he had once been curate. These friends also became interested in the poor slaves, and offered to pay the expenses of a native Christian who should go into the jungles and seek out the lost sheep. The question then was, would there be any one willing to go. Mr. Baker, at a meeting of his communicants, read the letter, and asked if any of them would undertake the work. No one spoke: they looked at each other. At length an old man said, "Well, Sir, years ago I used to take salt, cooking vessels and iron tools to those escaped slaves: I will go if you think me fit. Give me but food and clothing and I am satisfied: my eldest son will provide for my family." Thus the work commenced. The slaves began to come in and their numbers increased. They were wont to collect in a shed made of bamboos and thatched with elephant grass. The "line on line, precept on precept" told on them. Several of them had their eyes opened to see the value of Jesus as a Saviour and almighty Friend. They wished to be baptized, but thought that as slaves they were too impure to be admitted. Undeceived on this point, they were admitted to baptism, and they then became troubled in conscience, thinking that they were bound to return to the masters from whom they had run away, for they remembered how Paul sent back Onesimus to Philemon. They did so. Some of them soon returned, having been severely beaten by their masters ; but of the others nothing was heard for a long time.

At length the harvest season came round, when thousands of the low-country people enter the hills to help in gathering in the grain, and then the missing ones appeared, bringing with them a crowd of strange slaves. The work is progressing amongst this section of the Travancore population. Slave communicates with slave, one congregation reproduces others, and now that the political condition is amended, and they are no longer legally slaves, they are free to place themselves under instruction, and Christianity is rapidly advancing.

There are eight Missionary centres in Travancore, and there are few of them which have not slave converts in connexion with them. One of these stations is represented in our engraving, that of Mavelicara, which is a large town, containing a population of 60,000, in which are included many persons of the principal classes and castes in the country. Once the seat of Government, it is even now called "The Eye of Travancore." The relatives of the reigning Rajah reside there. The temples are in a flourishing state, and numerous Brahmins are fed and lodged at the public expense. It was taken up as a Mission station by the Rev. J. Peet in 1838, and the work has been persisted in until now, when the Mavelicara church has become a centre, having in connexion with it thirteen out-stations, all off-shoots from the parent stem, each of which shall in due time become centres of light and life to the surrounding country. They are well placed for such a purpose, being very generally separated from each other by long distances, and well spread abroad in every direction. The Mavelicara church has sent forth on all sides its runners, which have here and there struck down into the soil.

#### YU-YIAO AND ITS CONVERTS.

It is gratifying when we are privileged to receive incidental and favourable notices of our Missionary work, written by persons not immediately interested in the Mission, but from persons who happen to look in. The following testimony to our native Christians at an out-station of our Ningpo Mission, and to the native evangelist who is at work amongst them, is written by an American Missionary—

Mr. Butler and myself were on our way to Hangchow when we stopped at Yu-Yiao to wait for a change of tide. We went to the house of the native preacher, Mr. Bao. He proposed to take us to see some of the native church members, and as the day was rainy, we determined to visit those in the immediate vicinity.

We first stopped at a plain house by the road-side, where a woman about fifty years old was engaged in breaking iron on an anvil with a heavy hammer. She gave us a hearty welcome to her house. I was curious to know what she was doing. "Why," she said, "this is our fixed employment, to *mo tih só*—grind iron-dust. We first pound the old iron into as small pieces as possible, and then put it on the platform in the corner, and my husband and myself grind it by pulling



backward and forward over it a heavy block of iron." She showed me a large bowl of fine powder-dust thus produced. It is used in mending broken earthenware, and there is a steady demand for it in the market. While we were speaking her husband entered. He was well dressed, and was evidently having a kind of holiday. It was near the new year, when the natives spend a good deal of time in visiting and recreation. They expressed a good deal of anxiety about a daughter who is also a Christian, who is married to an opium-smoker and lives about fifteen miles distant, and seldom has the privilege of going to church or seeing any other Christian, either native or foreign. Mr. Bao informed us, after leaving, that this man and his wife are among the most exemplary of the members of his church. They are always at their place at church services and prayer-meetings, and contribute generously for religious purposes.

A short distance from this place we went into an eating-house, and were introduced to a young man who seemed to have charge of the establishment. I asked if he were one of the church members. Instead of giving a direct answer to my question, he merely replied, "I am far from being what I ought to be." As there were many others present, I refrained from making further inquiries about him, and after a short call we left. I learned that this young man had entered the church in opposition to the earnest remonstrances of his mother, who, after he had made a profession of Christianity, used all her influence to draw him back to heathenism. A few months since she was taken seriously ill, and sent for this son, who was some distance from home, expressing a strong desire to see him once more before she died. When he arrived she was still able to speak to him, and, taking him by the hand, she said, "I have one request to make of you which you must not deny me. I wish you to promise me, in order that I may die peaceful and happy, that you will renounce the religion of Jesus." Relatives and neighbours who were present all joined in urging upon the young man his unconditional compliance with this request, saying that it would be most unfilial to refuse to comply with a mother's wishes under these circumstances; and he yielded. From that time to this he has been in a painful state of doubt and distress, undetermined as to whether he shall be influenced by his conscience or his vow to his mother, by the earnest entreaties of his Christian friends, or heathen relatives.

From this place we were to visit the family of Jun-Kao, one of the first of the converts of Yu-Yiao, who has frequently been referred to in letters from that place. He is an earnest, active, and useful Christian. His mother, his wife, and several of his relatives are also members of the church. It is most encouraging to meet with such a family in a heathen city.

We next visited the Wong family. A young man belonging to it united with the church about six months since. He is, I should think, near twenty-four years of age. He is of a quiet and retiring disposition, but possessed of much firmness and force of character. He is diligent and successful at his business, and at the same time spends most of his evenings at the chapel with the native pastor, and is making rapid progress in acquiring Christian knowledge. A number of guests were



spending the afternoon at his father's house, and all present listened with attention to an earnest, clear, and forcible presentation of the truth by the native pastor. Mr. Wong, the father, in making replies, and in anticipating the conclusion to which the discourse was tending, showed clearly, not only that he had been faithfully informed as to the truth of the Gospel, but also that he was favourably impressed by it. It is our hope that through this son who has first been called into the kingdom, his family may also become sharers in the great salvation.

---

THE TIDAL WAVE ON THE DZAO-NGO RIVER, CHE-KIANG.  
CHINA, NOVEMBER 12, 1867.

At noon, while slept the fitful breeze,  
The dull sail flapping by the pole,  
We struggled with the ebbing tide,  
Far off the goal.

There came a sound as of the sea.  
Above a rush of gathering wind :  
We turned, and saw the tidal wave  
Tower up behind.

Round swung the boat to meet the shock,  
The wave's crest struck and struck again ;  
We tossed and rolled as when the storms  
Shake yonder main.

But soon the troubled stream grew calm,  
Full, strong, and flowing swiftly on ;  
We turned, and on its bosom reached  
Our goal anon.

Through the wide earth thy kingdom, Lord,  
Scarce battles with the opposing tide ;  
Far off the heavenly breezes breathe ;  
Thy foes deride !

Oh feeble faith and faint desires,  
That cry not for Thy saving might,  
With Hell's gate yawning for Earth's tribes,  
With Heaven in sight !

Oh let Thy grace, then, like the wave  
Come from the eternal ocean in ;  
And break the calm of earthly love,  
The glare of sin.

It may be that thy coming, Lord,  
By tribulation's angry roar  
Pre-heralded, shall shake the world  
From shore to shore,

Yet come, and on Thy mercy's breast,  
Through storm or calm, through weal or woe,  
Carry us thither, where the storms  
No longer blow.

A.E.M.

# METLAHKATLAH.

THE Rocky Mountains constitute a kind of backbone to the American continent, with this difference, that the portions on either side of the lengthened space are very unequal in extent, those on the east side being immense territories ; those on the west, except on the Youcon district, being very limited ; but the latter have a compensation in the way of climate, for the Rocky Mountains shelter them from the cold east winds, and lay them open to the genial influences which come from the Pacific Ocean.

And hence, while the human occupants on the east side are sparse, so that you may travel hundreds of miles and not meet a human being ; on the west side, when the climate is comparatively mild, and the game and fish abundant, the Indian tribes are very numerous.

Fifteen years ago they were in utter darkness ; nothing had been done for them. Through the representations of Captain Prevost, R.N., who had been stationed on the coast of British Columbia, the Church Missionary Society was induced to commence a Mission, and Mr. Duncan was sent out in 1857 to see what could be done, and on reaching the coast he took up his abode at one of the Hudson-Bay Company's Forts, called Fort Simpson, living within the stockade for defence. Even the Indians thought that it was not safe for him to venture into their midst. They were in bondage to cruel superstitions, under the influence of which unoffending persons were murdered in cold blood, and on their remains cannibalism of a most revolting kind was perpetrated. Mr. Duncan's life was at one time threatened by one of the fierce chiefs. He held up his knife as though he would slay him on the spot, because, during the time of the medicine feast, he refused to close the little school he had opened. But Mr. Duncan was enabled to stand firm and show no fear ; and a change came over the man, so that he dropped his head, and, turning away from the company, walked silently away. This man afterwards became converted like him who was of old called Legion. A man of very decided Christian character, he was to be seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.

Another great difficulty which Mr. Duncan had to contend against, was the language. It was very difficult, and yet, until he could speak to the people in their own tongue he felt that he could not do real Missionary work. He engaged a young Indian to assist him, and having written out an address which he wished to deliver to the Indians, proceeded, with this man's help, to render it into the native tongue. As they went along the young Indian asked questions, and more particularly about Jesus Christ, and what it was He had come to do. He found it was difficult to understand that he had borne our punishment and suffered in our stead that we might go free. But as his eyes opened to that blessed truth, he became quite serious, and his whole manner, which had been rough, became softened.

At length the address was prepared, and Mr. Duncan sent word that he intended on a certain day visiting the houses of the chiefs, and that he wished them to assemble their people that he might speak to them.

In the first house which he visited were gathered about 150 of these wild, uncouth people. His courage almost failed him, and he said to his interpreter, "I fear it will be impossible for me to read this paper. I shall speak to them in English, and you can render what I say into Tsimshian." But the man would not. He was thus forced to begin, and so he went from house to house. "I confess," he says, "that cluster after cluster of these half-naked and painted savages was, to my unaccustomed eyes very alarming, but the reception which I met with was truly wonderful and encouraging."

Thus God gave him favour in the eyes of this people, and at the end of not more than four and a-half years from the time of his arrival, the first converts—fourteen men and five women—were baptized.

He now removed the station from Fort Simpson, where the temptations were too numerous and powerful to be healthy, to a place about fifteen miles distant, on the shore of a lovely channel, always smooth, and abounding with salmon and shell-fish, with plenty of beach room and plots of ground suitable for gardens.

Here is now the Mission village, with its 300 baptized Christians, and several hundreds more, who, although not yet baptized, are under instruction, and conform to the Christian regulations of the village.

The Mission Indians live in log-houses. They have their gardens. The channel in front of the village, west and south, is studded with islands. On these are the gardens of the Mission, affording to each person and family a good-sized garden of excellent soil. Next we may notice the school-chapel, an immense circular building, capable of holding 700 persons. It is a pretty sight to see the whole population, old and young, when the bell rings, thronging to worship God. As they enter the men take the right hand, the women the left. The singing is plaintive, the responses heartily joined in, and the sermon, wisely adapted to the Indian mind, listened to with deep attention.

Then there is the Mission house, solidly built with large square timbers, sixty-four feet by thirty-two, and lined with cedar. On the ground-floor are eight rooms, lofty and commodious. Up-stairs we find a spacious dormitory looking out pleasantly on the island gardens. Here are fourteen Indian girls, boarders in the Mission house. Mr. Duncan soon perceived how hopeless it was to raise the tribe if the women remained low and degraded. He trusted to raise up, under the influence of Christianity, some specimens of superior women. But if that were to be done, they must be taken into the Mission house, just as in early spring the tender plants are raised under glass frames to protect them from the frosts. And these girls are happy and contented. They are not only well taught, but kept fully occupied and are well watched; and they grow up so superior to their countrywomen, that the Christian young men not only prefer them as wives to all others, but will have none others.

Next we may visit the saw-mill, whither the rough timber brought in from the forest is sawn into planks or cut into shingles; or perhaps the soap factory is deserving of our attention; for when Mr. Duncan took the Indians in hand he found them filthy in their persons, and they excused themselves by saying that soap was so excessively dear

that they could not procure it; and so Mr. Duncan taught them to make their own soap.

Or let us go down to the beach, and there we find the schooner with which the Indians bring their produce from Victoria, placing it in the hands of the agent, and receiving in return such things as are required by the Mission. The master is a Christian Indian, and the crew are Christian Indians. Again, in connexion with the schooner may be mentioned the store, well filled with goods adapted to Indian life; and this makes the village a centre of attraction to the wild Indians of the interior, who come in considerable numbers to barter their skins for such things as they want. And for their accommodation is provided a large building, ninety feet by thirty, under the roof of which there is a court-house, for there is law and a native police in Metlahkatlah, and a guest-house, for it is not thought desirable that these as yet rude Indians should be lodged in the houses of the Christian Indians. Here, therefore, they find a lodging during their stay, while the Missionary visits them there, converses with them, and instructs them.

And now Mr. Duncan has just returned to England for a few months, in order to perfect various arrangements which are necessary for the progress of the Mission. Amongst other things, he wants to build a church instead of the school-chapel, and we doubt not that English Christians will help him, for the Mission is well worthy of support.

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#### LAHUL.

LAHUL is a British district of the Western Himalaya. It formerly belonged to Ladak, and has been transferred from the rule of the Maharajah of Cashmere to that of the British Queen. To its north-east lies Ladak; to the east Spiti. If our readers will take a map of the Punjab, and trace up the course of the river Chenab, they will find its head-waters in Lahul, although not so elevated as some of the adjacent districts, yet the mean height of its inhabited parts is not less than 11,000 feet. Our readers are no doubt aware that some of the peaks of the Western Himalaya run up as high as from 20,000 to 25,000 feet. Hence, although the inhabited parts of Lahul lie so high, yet are they surrounded by mountains still higher.

The people, their language and dwellings, are mostly Tibetan, but with a strong mixture of Indian origin. Their religion is Buddhism, and their priests are called Lamas. The Lama wears a long red dress, bound round the wrist with a stripe of cotton, on which he carries his effects. Two large sheathed knives are also stuck in this belt; also his flint and steel, his money-bag and amulets. Round his neck he wears a string of beads, which he counts like a Romish priest. On each side of his red cap is stuck a quantity of letters and forms of prayer. His white boots are

tipped with red. He also carries his prayer-cylinder filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round, and are regarded as so many prayers, which go to his account.

In this country, at a place called Kyelang, we find some Missionaries. They settled there in 1857, and reports of them published in the Periodical Accounts of the United Brethren, tell us how they have fared.

The following is a letter by a Missionary named Rechler.

I have recently returned from a visit to Simla, the main object of which was to see some of the friends and supporters of our work here. During my stay there I was most hospitably entertained at the house of Dr. Brandis, Inspector-general of Forests, enjoying very pleasant Christian intercourse with himself and his lady. Through his instrumentality I had a welcome opportunity of conversing with several persons of position and influence about our Tibetan Mission, and found considerable interest and sympathy. I was also favoured to have an audience of more than half an hour with His Excellency the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, who was exceedingly kind, and assured me of his readiness to aid and further our work whenever able to do so.

I returned home laden with valuable presents, which will be most useful in our household, and for which we cannot be too grateful, and also with the conviction that in India there are many hearts beating warmly, and many payers offered continually in behalf of poor cold Lahul, its people still in darkness, and us, the Lord's weak labourers, in their midst.

Some time ago we had a pleasant visit from an English clergyman, who is undertaking very extensive travels in these and other parts of the world. He manifested much interest in our work, and handed us a donation of 500 rupees "for a purpose which would directly benefit the inhabitants of Lahul." This sum of money came most opportunely, and we thankfully availed ourselves of it for opening four schools in different villages. These are favourably regarded by parents and boys, and also by the men of influence or aristocracy, and we are glad to be able to employ as teachers some boys who have been receiving instruction here for three or four years, and are happy to be employed as schoolmasters in their respective villages. We hope that, in the next generation, ability to read will be almost universal, and with God's blessing on the perusal of His word, which is being printed as fast as we can manage it, we may believe that a bright day is yet in store for this benighted land.

#### A LETTER FROM STANLEY, N.W. AMERICA.

THIS station is situated about 700 miles from the Red River Settlement, on the Mississippi or English River, whose waters divide the Chipewyans on the northern shore from the Crees on the southern. There are forty families of Christian Indians around this point. Their dwellings are chiefly along the bank of the

river. As the Bishop of Rupert's Land, on his recent visitation, was approaching this station, the Christian Indians in their canoes joined his boat, so that when they came up to the beautiful church and Mission house, he was followed by a long procession. There are four out-stations at various distances, to which Missionary journeys have to be made.

The cold in the depth of winter is intense, penetrating everywhere, above and below the ground. The Rev. R. Hunt, who commenced this station in 1853, thus describes what it was in his day—"We are obliged to confine the children to the bed-room, the only part of the house we can keep at a temperature they can support, without roasting their faces before the fire, while their backs freeze. Even there the thermometer indicated 29° of frost at half-past five o'clock A.M. In the room where we breakfasted, although there was a great fire, the temperature on the table was 25° of frost, and at dinner, in the same room, the water froze in our glasses so quickly that we broke the ice again and again in order to drink. If the plates are not taken hot from the fire, anything put on them in a semi-fluid state quickly congeals. The knives and forks also must be put to the fire before they can be used with comfort."

A ladies' working party, with which the writer of this article has the privilege of being acquainted, has been in the habit of sending out a bale of goods, ready-made garments of various kinds, to the excellent native pastor at Stanley, the Rev. John A. Mackay, for distribution among the people. We doubt whether the kind friends who take part in these working parties are sufficiently aware how welcome the proceeds are to some far off Missionary at some lonely post like Stanley, where, amidst difficulties and privations, he is labouring for the salvation of the poor Indians. But let this letter from Mr. Mackay be widely read, and it will serve as fuel to the fire, so as to make their zeal burn more brightly.

*December 21st, 1869.*

I am often very much concerned at not being able to acknowledge the kindness of Christian friends in England, who send us gifts of clothing. My failing to do so does not proceed from ingratitude or carelessness, but from ignorance of the donors, or their places of abode. I received, in September last, a small parcel from the Ladies' Working Party, Christ Church Parsonage, T.W. I have been led to believe that this is your address, and I therefore desire to express to you, and to the other ladies of the party, my deep sense of your kindness to one who is unknown to you, except as an humble labourer in the work of the Gospel. The parcel was forwarded from Cumberland Station by Mr. Budd, by whom the bulk of the clothing was received; but it matters little by whom such gifts are received; they are equally valuable at every station among the poor of our severe climate, and we as earnestly pray, that the

blessing of the great Head of the church may be with you for your love to the cause of Missions.

We are now approaching the season of Christmas. It is in England, as I have read and heard, a season of rejoicing, of family gatherings, and happy re-unions. Here, too, we have our gathering at Christmas. Our Indians come from their distant hunting-grounds, some of them several days' journey, to join in the religious services of the season, and to gather around the table of the Lord. I have just come in from our daily evening prayers and lecture in the schoolroom, where I had the pleasure of seeing some who have been absent for months.

I should like to give some details of my work, but I fear that I have little to write of an interesting character. I wrote to you in August last, through our kind friend Mrs. Hunt, shortly after we had enjoyed the privilege of a visit from our good bishop. Not long after, I went down to the Frog Portage, two days' travelling from Stanley, to visit a party of Indians who were desirous of instruction. I travelled in a small birch canoe, with only an Indian boy. The Indians whom I went particularly to visit, belong to Deer Lake. They were never before instructed by a Missionary, but they have been, I trust, won over to the truth by two of our Stanley Indians, who have visited them at different times to impart to them the light of the Gospel. After my return from this journey we had holy communion, as usual, before the Indians dispersed to their hunting-grounds.

A good deal of my time was taken up this autumn in completing and fitting up a new schoolroom. The carpenter work had to be done almost entirely by myself, as our Indians are not skilled in any handicraft.

As soon as winter had fairly set in, and the lakes and rivers were sufficiently frozen over to allow of travelling on the ice, I left, in company with a party of fur-traders, to visit an encampment of Indians, a week's travelling from the station. On the second day after leaving home, we reached a trading station, where we heard of an unfortunate accident, the death of two young men from drowning. The circumstances were peculiarly sad. Their father had left the station, to spend the winter with a family of heathen Indians, in order to instruct them in the truths of the Gospel. He expected his sons to join him, and they were endeavouring to fulfil their father's wishes when they met their sad fate. They embarked one evening in a small canoe: the weather was already cold, and ice forming in the lake, and nothing was found to tell the sad tale, except their canoe crushed among the ice. In a small community like ours, where all are connected by ties of friendship and relationship, such an event casts a gloom over all. I returned alone from where I heard the sad news, giving up my intended Missionary journey, to go in search of the bereaved family, to acquaint them with their loss, and to impart Christian consolation; but after six days' travelling I was obliged to return, without accomplishing my object. The parents had already moved off to fulfil their mission, and they are still, therefore, ignorant of their loss. Such is Missionary work in this country. A Missionary has often to undergo much toil and hardship, without any apparent result from his efforts. The eldest of the two young men mentioned above has left a widow and three small children.





## CONTENTS.

TRAVANCORE AND ITS MISSION WORK (With a Cut) . . . . .	49
YU-YIAO AND ITS CONVERTS . . . . .	52
THE TIDAL WAVE ON THE DZAO-NGO RIVER, CHE-KIANG, CHINA, NOV. 12, 1867 . . . . .	54
METLAHKATLAH . . . . .	55
LAHUL . . . . .	57
A LETTER FROM STANLEY, N.W. AMERICA . . . . .	58

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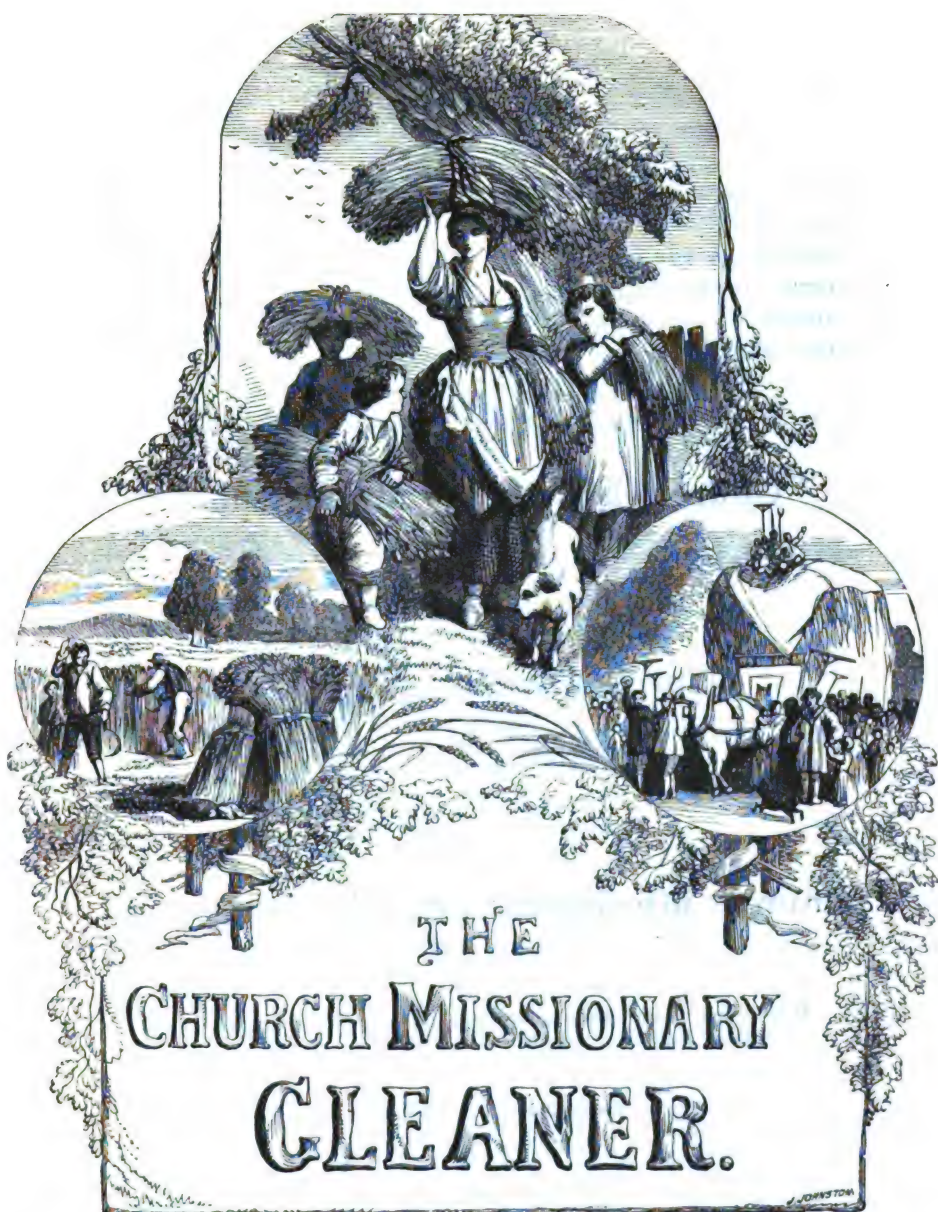
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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MAVELICARA . . . . .	61
YÜ-YIAO . . . . .	63
SPRINGING OF THE SEED . . . . .	64
POETRY—FRAILTY OF MAN . . . . .	67
COLOMBO . . . . .	68
LUCAS MABORA . . . . .	70

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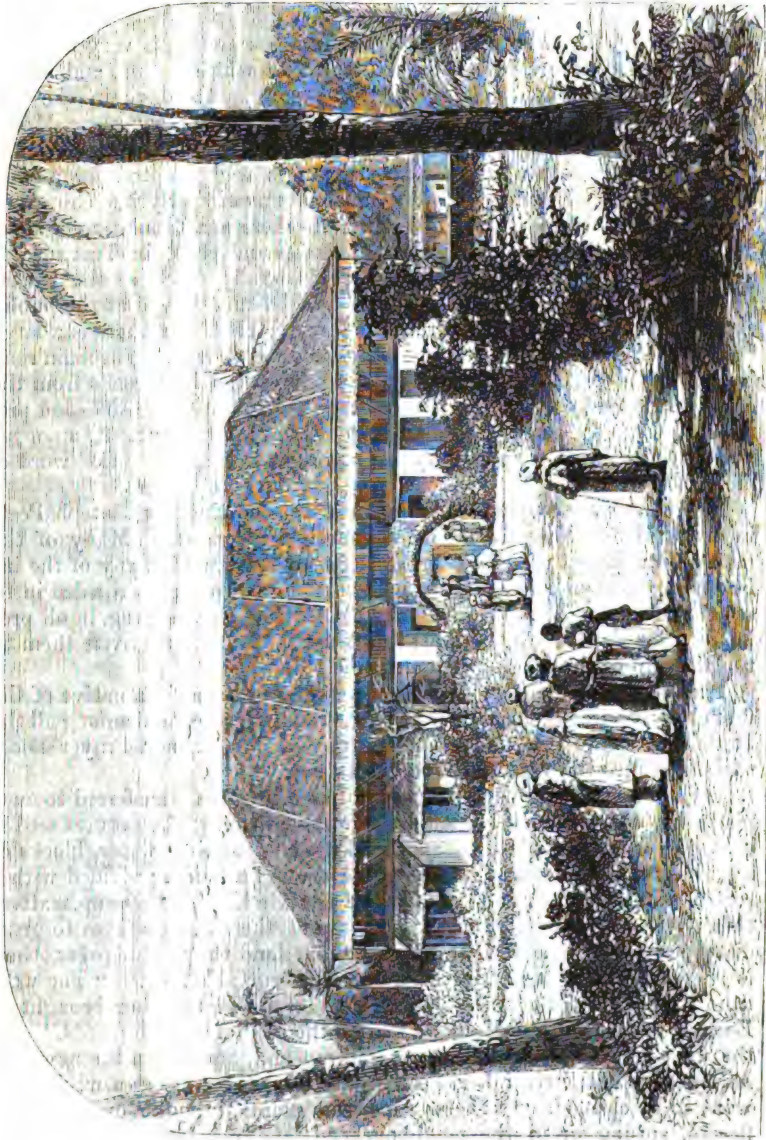
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**MAVELICARA.**

**IN** our last Number we published an engraving of Mavelicara Church. Mavelicara is a large town, containing a population of 60,000. It was once the seat of the Travancore Government, and a place of great note



MISSION BUNGALOW, MAVELICARA.

June, 1870.

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and is still called by the natives, "The Eye of Travancore." It retains many vestiges of its ancient grandeur—large buildings and tanks, and the remains of a very extensive fort, in which the arsenal was kept, and the Rajah had his palace: there are also wide and well-constructed roads leading to the several gates of the fort, with lofty pines planted on either side.

Mavelicara, together with the surrounding country, is very low and flat, and the soil, for the most part, is a fine whitish sand, and as the heat, from the low situation and loose soil, is excessive in the dry season, it is not so healthy as many other parts of Travancore. Moreover, when the rains come, the rivers rise, and the place becomes damp and sultry. In other respects Mavelicara is well adapted for a Missionary station, being within a few miles of numerous Syrian churches; while in the town and surrounding districts there is a population of some 300,000, composed of all the principal classes and castes in Travancore. Several members of the reigning Rajah's family dwell in the town; also a great number of Brahmins, who are fed and lodged at the public expense. The Nairs are numerous and respectable, and there is a large body of Syrian Christians, with a richly-endowed church. The main road from different parts of the country, and one of the high roads from the old "Pundyan," or Company's territories, pass close by the Mission premises, and hence there is an almost continual influx of people, amongst whom there is an opportunity of sowing some seeds of the word of life.

This place was occupied as a Mission station by the Rev. Joseph Peet, in 1838, and in May 22, 1839, a church was opened. Many of the native Christians from the older stations attended, and many of the inhabitants, so that between one and two thousand persons crowded in to see this new thing. A little before 11 A.M. the bell was rung, in all probability for the first time amidst this dense population, to invite them to the worship of the one living and true God.

Then soon followed the baptism of a Nair and his wife, a native of the first class, residing in the fort, near to the Rajah's palace, and among all the Brahmins. Into this man's hands a copy of the Common-Prayer Book, translated into the vernacular, found its way.

The seed of the word, like the natural seed, is often transferred to new places by ways we never should have thought of. The natural seed is conveyed from one place to another by wind, running water, blocks of ice, the action of animals. Some seeds are light, hairy, provided with a sort of wings on their downy tufts, and the wind, lifting them up, scatters them over a country. Rivers, currents of the sea, bear them to great distances. Commerce, which transfers to one land the produce of another, is often an indirect agent in the transfer of vegetable seed. "The wool from the sheep of Buenos Ayres, Mexico, or La Plata, when brought to Europe, carries entangled in its fleeces the seed of foreign plants." As the wool is being cleaned the seeds fall out and quicken in the new soil. At the edge of the river Lez, near Montpellier, the American wools were wont to be cleaned. Seeds of American plants, brought over in those fleeces, sprung up in the neighbourhood, and new and strange plants

invited the attention of the botanist. Portions of the Scripture, Prayer-books, Tracts, are, like the seed, wafted here and there, and, falling into the hands of disquieted and anxious persons, afford to them a first glimmering of light, until they are eventually led to a glad apprehension of Jesus as the only Saviour.

So it was with this Nair. He read the Prayer-book, and his interest was awakened. He next procured a New Testament, and this he read with eagerness. His confidence in his own superstitions was shaken, and his mind was aroused to a conviction of the truth of Christianity. Such was his state when Mr. Peet met him. Conversations ensued, which were blessed to the enlightenment of his soul, and he openly declared his purpose of becoming a Christian. At first his relatives did not mind him, but when they found him persisting in the study of Christian books, they persecuted him, so much so, that, although the head of his house, he was obliged to leave his home, and hire a small house near the Mission premises, where, with his wife, he spent the whole of his spare time in reading Christian books. All possible efforts were made to prevent him making a public profession of Christianity. At length he was obliged to leave his new home, secreting himself during the day, returning only by night. As the persecution became stronger, and there was no doubt of the man's sincerity, Mr. Peet resolved on baptizing him, and the man and his wife were baptized on Lord's-day, June 9th, 1839, in the presence of the, as yet, little native congregation, and a considerable number of strangers, receiving the names of Cornelius and Mary.

They were the first-fruits of the Mavelicara Mission. Since then the little one has become a thousand and something more, there being now in the Mavelicara district no less than 3400 native Christians, in charge of two native ministers. The last convert, so far as we are aware, who has been baptized, is a young Nair, of good family, and reckoned somewhat of a scholar. He had been for a long time in an anxious state of mind, reading the Puranas and other Hindu works, in the hope of finding rest to his soul. At length a tract, called "The Way of Life," given him by one of the Christians, was made the means of bringing him to Christ. He has been named Nathaniel.

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#### YÜ-YIAO.\*

IN our gleanings we have trespassed unintentionally beyond our own boundaries into the fields of another owner, and we have gathered there a goodly bundle of ears of corn, but we must restore them, and that without delay.

The Rev. A. E. Moule has very kindly pointed out to us the error into which we have fallen, in the following passage:—

"Yü-Yiao is not 'an out-station of our Ningpo Mission.' It was so when I reached China in 1861, and in October of that year my wife and myself were preparing to go and live in that city (some thirty miles up the river Yung), when the Tæ-ping rebels came down and threw all

\* See Article "Yü-Yiao and its converts," in our last number.

our work and plans into confusion. When the wave of war and trouble had passed by, Russell and Burdon had left us for England and Peking, and our staff of workers was so much enfeebled that we (my brother George, Fleming and myself) determined to hand over our one inquirer and Mission premises to the Presbyterian American Mission in that city, and to concentrate our efforts on the Sœn-poh out-stations. Yü-Yiao is a city of some 30,000 inhabitants, and is divided by the river into two parts—the old and new cities. Before the rebellion the American Mission and our own took, one, one side of the river and one the other, but since 1862 the American Presbyterians have been alone there. God has greatly blessed their work, and the writer of the letter which you quote, whom, together with Mr. Butler, I know well, was visiting his own converts and not ours, *en route* to Hangchow. The Mr. Bao whom he names I know also : he is a young man about half the age of *our* Bao.

Our readers will perceive that we trespassed just at the point where the separating fence was slight, and where the footsteps of our own Missionaries had once been. That there should be another Chinese evangelist named Bao, besides our own Mr. Bao of Ningpo, we never imagined ; and so the similarity of the name led us away into fields where we had no right to glean, except with a distinct recognition of the fact, that our gleanings belonged to the harvest of another Society.

Perhaps our American brethren will the more readily excuse us, seeing that in the annual survey of the Missions of the American Presbyterian Board there is no mention made of Yü-yiao. Ningpo, Hangchow, and Shanghai, are enumerated as constituting the one Mission of Ningpo, but Yü-yiao is not specified. Thus our mistake has supplied an omission, and brought out before the Christian public this interesting out-station, which claims forcibly its share of Christian sympathy.

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#### SPRINGING OF THE SEED.

WHEN fields have been duly sown there is a period of delay, more or less protracted, before the seed appears, and when it does appear, it is at first sparsely. Here and there a green blade is seen, but the little patches are often widely separate from one another. Where, however, there are these first-fruits we are encouraged to hope there will be more.

We have our large field of professing Christians among the Tamil people of Tinnevely, but we are not satisfied with a fair show in the flesh. It is encouraging to see well-attended churches, congregations serious and interested, communicants in fair proportion ; but while thankful for all this, we want something more. We desire to see more of that which the Lord looks for—the growth

of spiritual character, and the opening of the ~~day~~ go for his livelihood in true affection to him.—“Let us go forth into ~~the~~ temple. The lodge in the villages; let us get up early to the vineyard, and that see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appetant death: whether pomegranates bud forth.”

And we are enabled to trace in our Tinnevely Mission ~~son~~ which these choice results.

The following instances are selected from the district of Nullur, containing some 2500 professing Christians. They are reported by the native pastor, the Rev. A. Samuel—

*Sivanthipuram*—The headman of this congregation is, I believe, a truly pious man: he is also a communicant. He may be said to be a shining light in these dark regions. His mother is a heathen. There has always been a conflict going on between the different members of this family. While the mother is endeavouring to persuade her two sons and their families, who are Christians, to go back to heathenism, the brothers are trying their utmost to bring her and another brother of theirs, who is still a heathen, to a knowledge of Christianity. Such were their respective aims and intentions for a long time; when one day the mother, returning home from her idol-worship, began enthusiastically to extol her religion, ridicule Christianity, and abuse and curse her sons. Thereupon the younger of the two brothers, not being able to bear her abuses and imprecations, got into a passion and beat her; but the elder one immediately ran and reproved him, saying, We must exhort her and pray for her. Some time after, the elder brother's wife went with her husband to see their cultivation. While they were there she was seriously hurt in one of her legs by the fall of a tree, which had been cut down by some people in the neighbourhood. She was immediately brought home, where her mother-in-law would neither go to see her nor sympathize with her in any way, but, on the contrary, went and told everybody that this affliction was caused by her gods, whom they had refused to worship. She was now quite sure of effecting her purpose, that is, of bringing them back to heathenism. But God has frustrated her designs. The broken legis, by God's mercy, now almost well; and the woman is able to walk about a little. She and her husband, I am thankful to say, had grace given them to resist the wiles of the devil, and to continue steadfast during this trying season. They experience great annoyances from the surrounding heathen likewise. This good man, when not occupied otherwise, is in the habit of accompanying the catechist to preach the Gospel to the heathen. The unnatural conduct of the mother reminds us of the Priest and Levite in the parable of the Good Samaritan, who passed by on the other side when they saw the man that fell among thieves; and at the same time affords a literal fulfilment of that saying of our blessed Lord—“There shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.”



*no*  
*Thathinadai*—This congregation consists of four families, though at one time there were a good many more. These four families continue steadfast, in spite of the many persecutions which they are constantly called to suffer from the backsliders. The palmyras and lands, on which they depended for the necessities of life, were taken away from them; and yet they would not give up Christianity. Besides, they are very diligent in learning their lessons. They show a great desire to be taught in the fundamental truths of our holy religion. They are also very regular in their attendance on the means of grace, though they have no proper place of worship. The present state of this congregation is both encouraging and full of promise. If, by God's grace, they continue faithful, I have no doubt they will in time prove a great blessing to themselves and to the large population of that region which may be styled "Gaza, which is desert."

*Thuthikullam*—There is only one Christian family in this place, consisting of an old woman and her three married sons. These poor people were slaves at one time. Though they had subsequently purchased their freedom by the payment of a certain sum of money, their former owner was unjustly compelling them to work for him, as if they were still his slaves. While they were thus under the cruel yoke of this hard-hearted master, they happened to hear our Christian teaching, and gladly embraced the Gospel. From that time the man left off troubling them, fearing his conduct might be brought to the notice of the Government officials. They are now perfectly free, but they love to serve God. They are very regular in attending the means of grace, for which they gladly go to the next village, about a mile distant. On the occasion of my last visit to this village I was exceedingly pleased to see the old woman, with her three sons and their wives, coming in a group, with merry faces, to attend prayers. Their collecting-pots also were in their hands. Their contents were much beyond their scanty means, which show that they give cheerfully and heartily. If they continue faithful, and stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ appears to have made them free, they will in time prove a great blessing to other heathen slaves in those parts. We bless God that He has been pleased to reveal Himself to these poor ignorant people.

*Kilpillarkullam*—The conduct of a youth in this congregation is exceedingly gratifying. He is a Maravan by caste, but he has given up all his bad habits as such, and leads a quiet and honest life. He is gentle and meek in disposition. He has made considerable progress in knowledge. After observing him for several years, and conversing with him on many occasions, I have every reason to be satisfied with his sincerity and Christian piety. His faith in the Saviour is particularly conspicuous. It is not always that we meet with such pious youths among this notorious people. May God, who appears to have begun a good work in him, perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

One more instance from the reports of the Rev. D. Gnanamuttu—

At Madathur I heard a pleasing instance by which I was confirmed in the fact that a right knowledge about our God and false gods is possessed by our people. One of our Christians belonging to this con-

gregation happened to join with several heathen and go for his livelihood by reaping. As they went on they met with a heathen temple. The god of that temple was considered by the heathen ferocious, and that any one daring to disrespect it would meet with instant death. The heathen challenged the Christian, and asked him whether he would go to the top of the Paran, a high wooden altar on which the victims were killed, and prove the superiority of his God. Upon this the Christian, with a clear understanding that the fear of the heathen was altogether foolish, went to the top of it without any hesitation, sat upon it, and told them that the God whom he worshipped was a mighty God, and that therefore he would get no harm whatever by his so doing. The heathen watched him, as the people of Melita looked upon St. Paul, hoping that he would get some fearful punishment or would be killed soon. But when they saw that no evil came to him, they were quite ashamed. I may mention another instance. There is a Christian man at Dhippanampatty, a congregation in which there is, as it appears to me, not much life and light on the whole after several years' faithful and earnest labours of a good catechist. This man, in the early part of his life when he was a heathen, was in good circumstances. He joined our congregation, with the whole village, evidently moved by certain worldly motives. After a few years most of the villagers, many among them being men of influence, went back to heathenism. But he, with a few others, remained steadfast in the congregation, received baptism, and joined also the Lord's table. His heathen friends tried their best to induce him to go back to heathenism, and when they saw that they could not prevail with him by such methods, they began to persecute him by various ways, and attributed his low circumstances to his remaining in the religion of Christ. But nothing would move him. By his endeavours his wife has become established in our religion. In him, a superficial observer would not see as much piety as he possesses, unless he closely examines his conduct and knows his mind by quiet conversations with him. Instances of a silent piety, I humbly presume, are many. My own impression is, that the Lord is evidently working with His humble servants, and blesses their unworthy labours."

## FRAILTY OF MAN.

(FROM THE TAMIL.)

Compare with these verses Isaiah xl. 6-8.

IF gem-like budding fragrant flowers,  
Which glitter as the stars of even;  
And, nectar-laden, fall in showers,  
As pearl-drops in the light of heaven;—  
If these can fade and fall to earth,  
And all their fragrance pass away  
The day that nature gave them birth,  
And mingle with the dust and clay;—

## COLOMBO.

Then man's diseased and sin-sick frame,  
 How lovely beauteous it may seem,  
 Shall soon exist but in the name,  
 And lie in death's oblivious stream.  
 For beauty is too tender and too frail  
 To pass unscathed, when death's cold winds assail.  
 ROBERT PARGITER.

---

## COLOMBO.

LET us be permitted to say a few words about Colombo and the Missionary work which is carried on there.

Colombo is the chief city of Ceylon, containing a population of 40,000, and is the principal centre of the foreign trade. The harbour is small, and can only be entered by light craft, but large ships, except during the south-west monsoon, can anchor safely in the offing. Within the fort are the residences of the British officials. Outside its walls are the modest-looking houses of the Dutch and Portuguese, and also the dwellings of the native races, built of mud, white-washed, and either covered with tiles, or thatched with the plaited fronds of the cocoa-nut palm. A magnificent mountain road connects Colombo with Kandy, in the interior, and is thronged with bullock-carts, laden with coffee for the fort, or carrying up to the hill-country rice and stores.

The greater part of the population consists of immigrants from India, who, after a short residence in Ceylon, return to their own country; others are Singhalese, natives of the country; and thus our Mission at Colombo is carried on in two languages—the Tamil, which is spoken by the people who come from India, and the Singhalese. There are four congregations, containing about 300 native Christians, the greater number of which have been baptized. They contribute liberally, according to their numbers and means, to the Native Church Fund. There have been during the year some adult baptisms, and the Missionaries are zealous in their efforts to touch the hearts of the heathen, and to bring them to Christ. One of the appliances used by them is that of street and coffee-store preaching. The Rev. W. E. Rowlands reports of this branch of the work as follows:—

Preaching in the streets has been kept up regularly as in previous years, and we are still encouraged, as a rule, by having a good number of hearers, though they do not now gather in such crowds as they once did, probably because there is no longer anything novel in the scene. It is very rarely that we meet with any interruption, but questions are sometimes asked in a friendly way, which we are only too glad to answer. On almost every occasion we are able to sell tracts and portions of Scripture, but not by any means to the same extent as in some previous years.

The catechists have visited regularly a good many stores in different parts of the town. In some they have been allowed to preach to the Coolies before the roll-call; in others, their only opportunity has been to speak to the women while at work. They are generally very well received by the Tamils, but the Mohammedans for the most part resist, as determinately as ever, any attempt to proclaim to them Jesus Christ as the Saviour of their souls. This spirit comes out in the stores in a way that it does not often in the streets, which is easily to be accounted for from the fact, that in the streets they are perfectly at liberty either to listen or to pass on at pleasure, whereas in the stores we go to them, and they have not the same opportunity to escape the message brought to their ears, though they would. There is one store, however, with regard to which we have much reason to feel encouraged. At the request of the manager, the Rev. J. C. Mill commenced a Sunday preaching there some months before he left Ceylon, and the work which he began one of our catechists and myself have been permitted to continue. The service there (if so we may call it) has of late been held at seven o'clock in the morning, and, being on a Sunday instead of a working-day, it is of course quite optional with the Coolies to be present or not; indeed, it is part of the manager's principle not to coerce his people at all, but only to let them know that the store will be opened every Sunday at such an hour for such a purpose, and that he will be very glad if they meet together to listen to the word which, he has more than once told them, "is able to make them wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The invitation has been responded to even better than the most sanguine mind could have expected. From thirty to thirty-five Coolies—all Hindus by profession—assemble every Sunday morning in the store, and sit down orderly and quietly on mats spread for the occasion. They listen attentively while prayer is offered up and a portion of Scripture read and explained, and as the passages chosen are generally more or less historical, many of them evince considerable interest in the subject. We cannot yet say positively that the heart of even one man is disposed towards the reception of Christian truth; but we know that "faith cometh by hearing," and are therefore emboldened to hope and pray on their behalf. Nor is this all. The managers of the mills have now generously proposed to support a catechist entirely at their own cost, in order that his whole time may be devoted to labouring amongst their employées, both in the store and at their homes. A suitable man has been selected, and we are only waiting for a house appropriated to him to be repaired before assigning him to his new work, upon which the blessing of God can scarcely fail to rest.

Thus, even in Ceylon, where the work of Christian Missions has not yet presented the same interesting and prosperous appearance by which it is graced in some other lands, there is something to cheer and much to encourage. "Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

## LUCAS MALOBA.

IN the rich and fertile valley of the Godavery, twenty miles from its source in the lofty ranges of the Western Ghats, lies the Hindu village of Machmalabad, about three miles from the large Brahminical town of Nasik. On the opposite side of the river is the Christian village of Sharanpur, from which the heathen village is seen in the distance, nestling amid the huge forest-trees, while beyond may be distinguished the fields of the villagers extending up the sloping base of a lofty spur of the ghats, whose fantastic outline stands forth in bold relief against India's clear sky. The whole forms a scene of exquisite beauty, on which the lover of nature delights to gaze, and, gazing, never wearies; but as he gazes the heart of the Christian is saddened by the thought, that for thirty years the feet of them that preached the Gospel of peace had frequently entered that retired village, and glad tidings of good things had been brought to its people, but the wondrous story of redeeming love had fallen on closed ears, and none had turned from their idols to worship Nature's God. But God's ways are not as our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. In a marvellous way He was preparing to call those whom He had predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son, that they might be to the praise of the glory of His grace.

Sixteen years ago, as a Missionary was walking in the streets of Nasik, a little Brahmin boy fell at his feet begging: he said his father and mother were dead, and he was friendless. The Missionary spoke kindly to him, and offered him a home with his native-Christian children. The pride of Brahmin blood was stirred in the boy's heart, and he exclaimed, "How can I eat from your hands?" The Missionary felt drawn towards the boy, and, struck by his spirit and intelligence, told him to call at his house and he would give him something. He did so, and received alms. A fortnight afterwards he returned, desiring to be admitted among the Christian children, and was baptized by the name of Lucas. From a child the grace of God appears to have been vouchsafed to him, and he gave early promise of being a vessel made to honour. After some years of careful instruction in the Christian school he was removed to Malligaum, another of the Society's stations, where he was lovingly trained by the Missionary there, and subsequently placed in charge of the Mission school. Close was the tie between the Missionary and Lucas, but it was severed by death, and Lucas was left to mourn the loss of one who had been to him as a father, and from whose lips he had learnt to tread more closely in his Saviour's steps. He then returned to his early friends at Sharanpur.

Strange, too, was the way in which God had been preparing one who was to dwell with him in love, and to be a fellow-heir of the grace of life.

Ten years ago a company of wandering tumblers were performing their feats two hundred miles from Nasik, when it was reported to the European judge of that district that several stolen girls were among them. The girls were rescued by his orders and sent to the care of the Missionary at Sharanpur. Among them was one who, by her quiet

amiable character and disposition, won the affections of all. At first ignorant and uninstructed, she profited more than the others by the opportunities she enjoyed at the Christian village, and was baptized by the name of Karoona (Mercy). She became the wife of Lucas, and has continued an intelligent and consistent Christian, and a good and faithful wife and mother.

At the suggestion of the Missionary, Lucas went, five years ago, to Machmalabad, to open a school, and, by word and example, to lead the villagers from their idolatry into the path of life and peace. The salvation of the souls of those among whom he went to dwell was ever realized to be his true mission as a Christian schoolmaster. Like the great Apostle, he sought in all things to approve himself as the servant of God in their midst, "by pureness, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by the power of God." Like Luke the beloved physician, his heart's desire was, that "by the wholesome medicines of the doctrine delivered by him all the diseases of their souls might be healed." Let the following record tell in his own simple and affecting language how God honoured his work of faith and labour of love. It is translated literally from a letter recently received from him.

"I went to Machmalabad in April, 1865. There was a difficulty in establishing a school, as one was already there. As I was unable to get a place in the village to live in, I had to leave my family in Sharanpur, and go daily alone to the village. With the consent of the headmen, I commenced a school in the chowdry. At first three children came to me: the rest went to the village school, held in the temple of Marooti. However, having sought the help of God, I made a beginning, and gradually the numbers increased, till at last the heathen school was given up, and all the children attended mine. This was the work of five or six weeks. I then had twenty boys, and, besides, I obtained from the villagers a house to live in. From the commencement I used to make all the boys stand up, and, after offering prayer to God, we read the Bible. Many tried to stop my doing this, but I gave no heed; and only endeavoured to remove their objections, continuing meanwhile my practice. After a little time the boys began to say Amen after the prayer; then again some tried to hinder, but I paid no attention to them. Brahmins sometimes came over from Nasik (three miles off), and intimidated the villagers in various ways, and as often I tried to remove their misunderstandings.

"In order to gain the confidence and affection of the villagers, I purchased medicines, and used to administer them whenever sickness occurred. On their recovery, I used to receive from the rich the value of the medicines, but always gave them freely to the poor. To promote a desire for knowledge, I used to get books from the Nasik library calculated to interest them; and newspapers, which I read to them. Afterwards I established a night school for the adult villagers, who soon began to read easy books. Some of them rapidly acquired a fair knowledge of the Scriptures. When the boys had made some progress in their studies they were examined by the Government Inspector, when four received certificates, and one got an appointment as assistant-teacher

in the Nasik Government school, and my school obtained a grant in aid. Mr. Price, also, the Missionary in charge of Sharanpur, examined the school several times, and distributed prizes. All this time the boys were gaining a fair knowledge of Scripture. If from illness, or other causes, I was not able to attend school, the first-class boys, after offering prayer themselves, conducted the work of the school. The boys seemed to be alive to the importance of prayer. When I had prayer in my family, some of the boys used regularly to come and join us. Of these, several expressed their desire to become Christians; but in consequence of their tender age (not above twelve years), Mr. Cooke, the Missionary (then at Sharanpur,) could not receive them. One intelligent boy, however, went over to Mr. Cooke with the intention of becoming a Christian; but Mr. Cooke, after examining him, said, "I cannot now receive you to baptism." The boy replied, "If I were to die as I am, what would become of me?" Mr. Cooke said, "Remain as you are a little while." So he returned to his home. After Mr. Cooke had consulted with the European magistrate, he said to me, "Let him be baptized, and remain afterwards with his parents." When I told this to the boy and his companions, they felt in a great strait; for when the time came for worshipping the family idols they underwent much persecution.

"I will now state the causes that gave rise to increased persecution, and the breaking up of the school, and then proceed with the history of these boys.

"I used from time to time to visit that part of the village inhabited by the low-caste people (Mahars), and administer medicine to them. The villagers were very angry with me for this, and used to declare that if I persisted in visiting them they would not allow their children to attend my school. On these occasions I used to try and convince them of the folly of caste prejudices. Some of these caste people gave out that we ate and drank with outcasts, on which the villagers began to give us much trouble. No one would give us water, and they annoyed us in various ways. I paid no attention, but continued my visits to the low-caste people. At length, through the grace of God, a leading man among them, Poonja by name, went with his two daughters to Mr. Cooke, and declared his intention of becoming a Christian. Before the baptism of these three took place his relatives made a great disturbance: the two girls had been given in marriage, and their husbands' parents and friends created a tumult. At length, by the grace of God, the three were admitted into the church. On this there was a great excitement in Machmalabad: all Poonja's village rights as a Mahar were refused, and the cultivators began to give him much annoyance.

"Notwithstanding all this, my school still went on; but in two months the attendance of the boys sank from forty to twelve. Soon after, the feast of the Hooli began. Then the father of one of the boys who had wished to become a Christian directed him to perform some idolatrous ceremony; but he resisted every endeavour to compel him. Seeing this, the father consulted the head accountant of the village as to what he should do.

*(To be continued.)*





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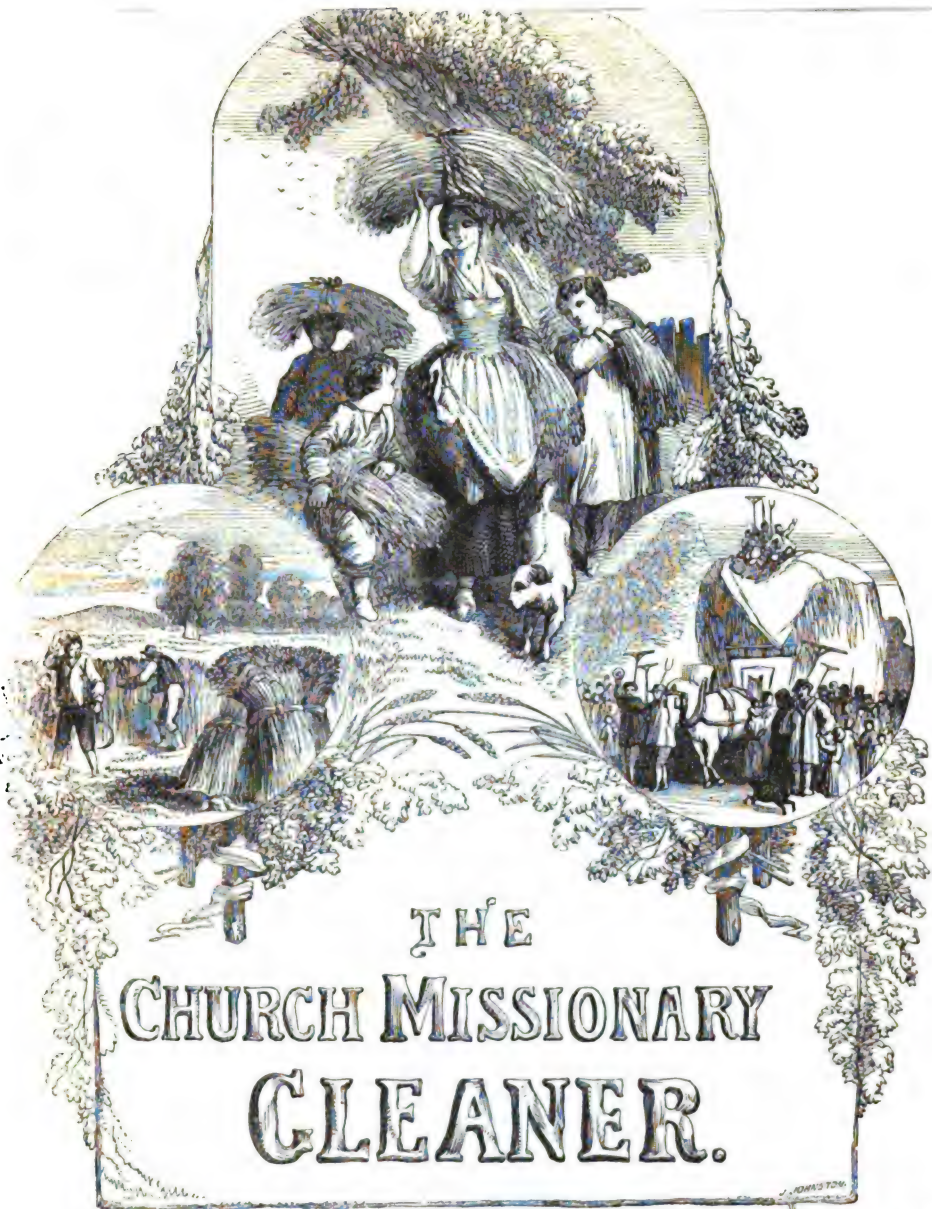
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## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
MISSION WORK AROUND JAMES' BAY, NORTH-WEST AMERICA . . . . .	85
A SUNDAY AT NAZARETH . . . . .	89
HYMN . . . . .	93
SREEMOTY GUNESH SHUNDORRE DEBI . . . . .	94

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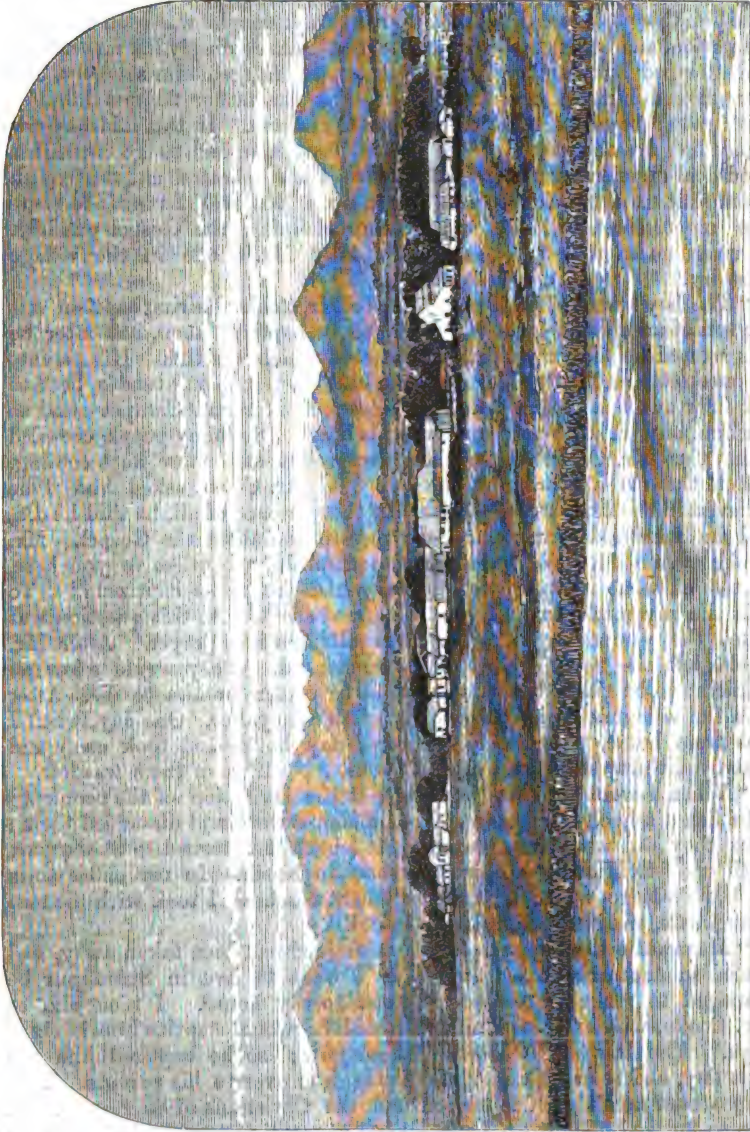
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## LUCAS MALOBA.

*(Continued from page 72.)*

WE now conclude this interesting narrative, which was unavoidably divided last month. Maloba, it will be remembered, is



SHARANPUR (From a Photograph).

July, 1870.

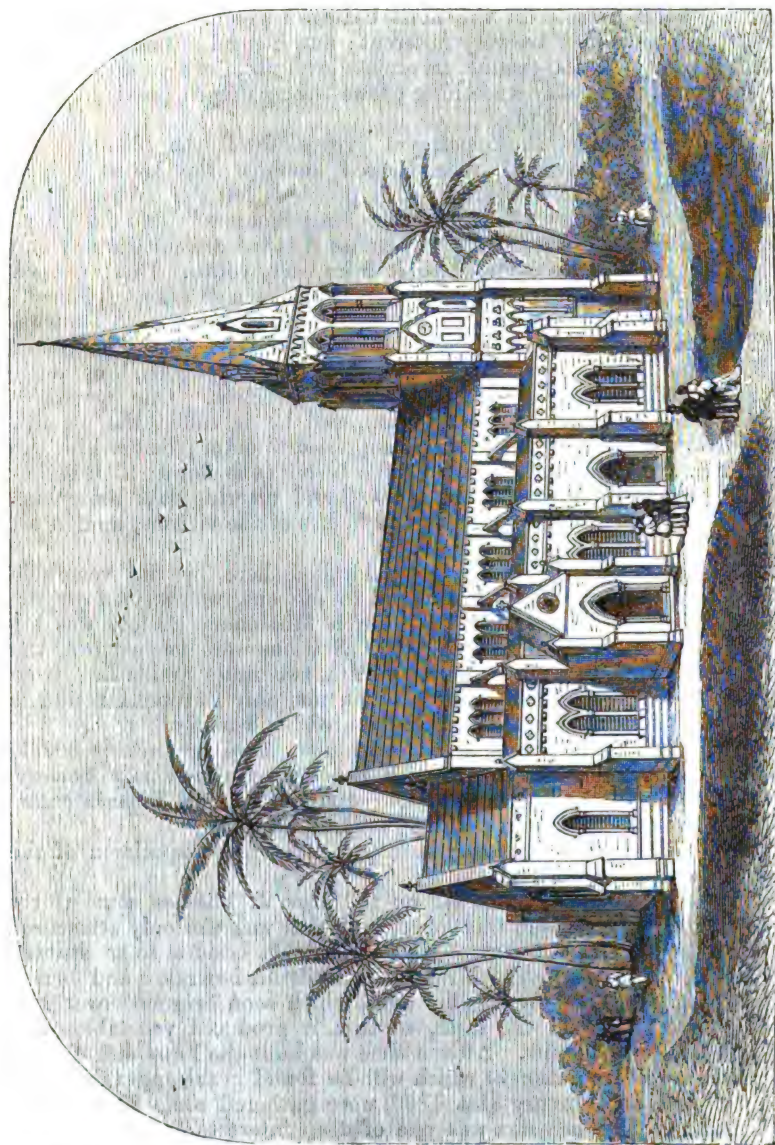
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**MENGNANAPURAM, TINNEVELLY.**

**TINNEVELLY** is the name of the most southern province of India, on the eastern coast. A chain of mountains, called the Ghauts, some of



**MENGNANAPURAM CHURCH, TINNEVELLY.**

*September, 1870.*

which rise more than 5000 feet high, separate it on the west from the province of Travancore. Although not so fruitful as some provinces of India, yet it is not without its beautiful spots; and especially along the sides of the river Tambrapoorney may be seen, in the season, extensive rice-fields dressed in the most beautiful green. But other portions there are which are very different; and instead of tamarinds and other spreading trees, extends an almost level plain of arid sand. Yet in so unlikely a locality something grows—the palmyra, provided without human care or culture.

And here, amidst these palmyra groves, dwell the Shanars—an industrious, hard-working race, classed amongst the lowest of the Sudras. To one subdivision of this people is left the cultivation of the palmyra, and they are called “climbing Shanars.” No one interferes with their vocation, simply because it is too difficult for any one who has not been accustomed to it from early youth. But we need not dwell upon this part of the subject, it has been so often explained.

The Shanars, and all the castes below them, worshipped evil spirits, and more particularly a female demon named Aman. The places where the rites were performed were called “pei-coils,” or devil temples. There they offered up animal sacrifices. One person is selected by the priest as the medium, and he is called the pei-adi. Into him the spirit of the demon is supposed to enter; before him the sacrifices are slain, and he drinks the blood as it flows; then he becomes as one infuriated, dancing about and uttering wild sentences: the night is spent in feasting on the bodies of the victims, and in all kinds of revelling and wickedness.

Some light of Christianity was kindled here by the venerable Missionary Swartz, and, when about to die out, was revived by the Rev. J. Hough. Eventually the Church Missionary Society was led to commence a Mission here in 1820. Stations were formed over the face of the province, while at Palamcotta, two miles and a half from Tinnevely, a church was built, to which not only European residents in India, but even rich heathen contributed handsomely.

Fifty years have passed away, and now there are nearly 30,000 baptized Tamils in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, besides some 13,000 more under Christian instruction, superintended by 9 European Missionaries and 30 native pastors.

The district of Mengnanapuram presents a good specimen of the way in which the work grows.

The station was commenced by the Rev. J. Thomas some thirty years ago. The village was large, and that was the only attraction, for all around was a desert of sand, in which, besides some stunted shrubs, grew the palmyra. Mr. Thomas built his bungalow and formed round it his garden, by digging wells, which soon brimmed over with water and fertilized the sand, so that it produced vegetables and flowers, trees and fruits. After a time was built the large and elegant church, a representation of which will be found in the engraving. In this church, on January 31st, 1869, were gathered some 2000 native Christians. The occasion was one of deep interest, no less than the ordination by the Bishop of Madras of thirty-two natives, ten of them

to the order of priests, and twenty-two to the order of deacons. Of the thirty-two natives, eighteen were connected with the Church Missionary Society, and fourteen with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The candidates had been examined by the bishop's chaplain, the Rev. O. Dene, and by two Missionary chaplains, the Rev. J. Cornelius, of the Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. D. Samuel, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Devanayagam of the Church Missionary Society, from Col. i. 28, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." On December 18, 1859, Bishop Dealtry, in the same province of Tinnevely, ordained twelve natives, an occasion of such interest and importance as to induce the bishop to say, "Never since the time of the Apostles had a Christian bishop been privileged to take part in so solemn and interesting a service." How much more this might be said of the ordination on January 31, 1869? There are now in the same province forty-seven native clergy, of whom twenty-two, or nearly one-half of the whole were admitted to orders on January 31, 1869: of these forty-seven, thirty are in connexion with the Church Missionary Society.

Thus the Rev. J. Thomas had the privilege of seeing the Christian work, to which he had put his hand some thirty years before, marvelously increased and strengthened. The large church of Mengnapuram is the type and emblem of the progress of the spiritual building. Mr. Thomas lived to see 12,000 native Christians in his own district, ministered to by fifteen native ministers, each with his own pastorate assigned to him, his church, schools, congregation. He could say, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and he fell asleep in Jesus on the 28th March, 1870, in the midst of his people, among whom he had laboured thirty-three years. A few hours before he died he pointed to a large-lettered card of texts, which was hung up at the end of the room, and said, "There is where my reliance is. We have not an high-priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

Thus the Lord's servants wear out and pass away, but "Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." Under His direction and blessing His work progresses, and the prophecy of Zechariah is being fulfilled, "He shall build the temple of the Lord. Even He shall build the temple of the Lord, and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne;" nor shall the work be suspended until "He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it."

#### THE DHESSERA CEREMONY IN KANDEISH.

KANDEISH is a collectorate of the Bombay, or Western-India Presidency. It is a rich alluvial tract watered by the river Taptee, which runs through it from east to west. Its population is about 750,000, chiefly Mahrattas.

In this province the Church Missionary Society occupies two



stations, Junir and Malligaum, and from these centres our Missionaries, European and native, itinerate through the surrounding districts, and labour to sow the seed of the kingdom amongst the rural population.

The darkness and ignorance of these poor people will appear from the following description of a ceremony which our Missionary, the Rev. E. Sampson, witnessed amongst them.

Having been an eye-witness of the scene I am about to describe, and as it is still fresh in my memory, I send it to you, believing it will be read with interest by not a few interested in Missions to the heathen. The village is called Soundhona; it is situated about twelve or fourteen miles from Malligaum, in a direct westerly direction. The village is on one side of the river Oda, and on the other is the bungalow. The houses are all made of mud. The inhabitants number in all about 800 souls: they are divided into four castes, Brahmins, Kunbis or cultivators, Mahars, and Bhils. I am glad to say the Brahmins are very few, only two families. The Kunbis are the principal men of the place. As the village is surrounded by a large mud wall, you must enter by the gate. I was just preparing to go and see the place, when the sound of the horn (a necessary nuisance in any Indian village) indicated that something was going on. Accompanied by one of our native helpers, I proceeded to the scene of action. By the time we got over the river crowds of men, women and children had assembled in front of the principal gate of the village, when we learned that the Dheissera rite was about to be performed. The people were all excitement. A fierce battle of words was going on in one spot among the leading men of the place as to who should have the privilege of conducting the proceedings. In the meantime there was a grand rush to the gate, and in a few seconds an unfortunate buffalo was dragged to the front, decorated with flowers, and held by three men with ropes attached to the head. All having seen it, they then led it round the village, beating it in the most cruel manner. By the time it arrived at the gate the second time the dispute was finished, and forward came the champion of the evening brandishing a half-rusty old sword, prepared to perform his part at any risk. The sun was fast setting when the buffalo arrived: the crowd gathered closely round, every one eager to see how the deed was to be performed, when the executioner, with arm made bare, wields the old sword until the beast becomes restive, then he hacks, here and there, and at last he succeeds by chance to cut off the tail. No sooner is the tail off than there is a cry raised, and in this bleeding, half-dead condition the animal is again led round the village by the three men, one at either side, and one in front, while a goodly number pursue them behind, flailing the helpless victim with long bamboo sticks most unmercifully. Back they come again for the last time. Now the excitement is at its pitch. The victim being placed in front, but outside the gate of the village, the individual with the old sword again approaches, and the men holding the animal are cautioned to hold firm. The victim's head is held close to the ground, and now, as

the fatal blow is about to be struck, all is silence for a moment. In an instant the sword is raised, aim is taken, and down falls the blow; then blow after blow succeeds one another, until, at length, the head being severed from the body, the animal is allowed to wallow in its blood. Presently the Mahars swarm round the body just like bees in a hive, and it is soon out of sight. They are the only people profited by the whole transaction: it is a rain-fall for them. They had a grand feast upon the unfortunate buffalo. As far as the Mahars are concerned, they would have no objection if the Dhessera occurred once a week instead of once a year.

But why do I send you this information? First, to let you see that the people here are still steeped in sin and ignorance. Secondly, to show you, that though they are in this state, yet their notions as to how sin is to be removed, how sin is to be pardoned, are, in one sense, correct. And thirdly, to inform you that we had an opportunity of preaching to these people assembled the great sacrifice of Christ upon the cross. Their object in killing the buffalo was, that by its blood-shedding all past sins, crimes and offences might be blotted out. The animal once slain, their consciences are at perfect rest. During the time the victim was being led round the village, and previously to its being slain, we were enabled to proclaim to them that—

Not all the blood of beasts  
On Hindu altars slain,  
Can give a guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away its stain;

that Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, has come to shed His blood for our sins, and that it is the blood of Jesus Christ alone that can wash away our sins. We showed them how God delighted not in burnt-offerings or sacrifices; that He has given His own dear Son to be a sacrifice for us; and that it is by faith in His blood alone we can obtain remission for our sins. Some seemed for the time impressed; and I think most of those who heard us understood what we said; but none, alas! believed it, as far as we can see, to the salvation of their souls. As it is the Dhessera time, our preaching shall be, during this tour, on the value, the power, and the efficacy of the blood of Christ to remove any stain of sin from the conscience. This rite has been performed in every village, and where it cannot afford a buffalo, they kill a goat; and where they cannot afford a goat, a fowl is killed.

Such details remind us of the typical sacrifices which of old were offered amongst the Jews as foreshadowings of the Great Sacrifice, which, in the fulness of time, was to be offered for the sins of men. If a ruler sinned through ignorance, he was to bring a bullock without blemish unto the Lord for a sin-offering; or if any one of the common people, he was to bring a lamb or a kid of the goats; and if he were not able to bring a lamb, then he might bring two turtle-doves or two young pigeons. All this was designed to teach how accessible the Great Sacrifice for sin is to men of all classes, so that the poor man who is burthened with

a sense of sin and desirous of relief from it, is as free to use that Sacrifice as the rich and great.

Again, in the offering of the typical sacrifice, no acts of cruelty were permitted, such as are crowded into the Dhessera sacrifices. But the offering of the Great Sacrifice was stained with the greatest cruelty. Never was there any one who so deserved to be loved, as that Mighty One who stooped to take upon Him our nature, that in that nature He might suffer for us; and never was there any one so cruelly treated. He was led forth amidst the revilings of Jew and Gentile. All took delight in His sorrows, and every one pressed forward, if in no other way, at least by unkind and taunting words to increase their bitterness: and patiently, in His love to sinners, did He endure the ordeal, and "suffered once for sin, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

This is the grand truth which the poor idolaters of Kandeish need to know. May the number of faithful evangelists throughout India be increased, and the blessing of God be poured down richly upon the seed sown, so that Kandeish, as a fruitful valley, may yield rich harvests to the Lord.

### POEM,

BY THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON PHELPS.

THE poem which we now publish was written by the late Archdeacon Phelps. An incorrect version appeared some time back in this periodical, and we have been requested by Mrs. Phelps to give a correct copy of the verses as they were composed, a request with which we readily comply.

Yes! to depart—'t were better far.  
I would not, mid this earthly war  
Of turmoils, sigh and linger on;  
Come, Saviour! quickly come! I burn  
'To hear the welcome word "Return,"  
And from my prison to be gone.

Yet, yet I bow. Thy high behest  
Hath fixed the hour it deemed best;  
And patient would I wear my chains;  
And meet with calm, though tearful eye  
The sorrows of mortality,  
What time Thy better will ordains.

Nor would I, with insensate soul,  
Forget the goodly streams that roll  
And sparkle in the wilderness;  
Nor fail to own, around, above,  
The voice, the hand, the smile of love,  
That deigns my saddest hours to bless:

And well this boding heart can tell,  
 That when it comes—the sad farewell—  
 And I, and those I love, must part;  
 With mix'd emotion, soothed and riv'n,  
 And half on earth and half in heaven,  
 Regret and joy will share my heart.

But oh! the dark, cold bed beneath,  
 The cheerless dwelling-place of death,  
 How wilt thou fleshly nature, meet?  
 I know, with trembling awe impress'd,  
 That thou wilt dread to be undress'd,  
 And shuddering see the soul retreat.

Yet not for all that charms me here,  
 Not ev'n for those I hold so dear,  
 Would I avert the coming stroke;  
 Nor, for the deep and awful gloom  
 That gathers o'er the silent tomb  
 The voice, that bade Him come, revoke.

For oh! what tongue can tell the bliss  
 To see my Saviour as He is,  
 And bear an image like His own;  
 Whose love shall staunch the streaming eye,  
 Whose presence ev'ry want supply,  
 Where sin and sorrow are unknown!

## BADDAGAMA.

BADDAGAMA is one of our Church Missionary stations in the south of the island of Ceylon. A brief description of the land and its inhabitants will help us, who live so far off, to realize the kind of work in which our Missionaries are engaged, its reverses and discouragements, and so excite that sympathy and interest which lead to co-operation.

The Baddagama district includes three pattus (something like the English counties) viz. Gangabadoe pattu, Wallalla pattu or Korle, Wellabada pattu. The northern boundary is Bentotte, the southern boundary Talpe pattu, the western boundary is the sea and the eastern boundary Hinidum pattu. The total number of all ranks, races and creeds is estimated at about 70,000. Of these, however, only about 420 men, women and children are under direct Christian influence, that is, only that number attend for Christian instruction. Hence about 69,580 still remain in that miserable condition described by St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians, "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts, who, being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." Only the pen of inspiration can fully describe all the misery and cruelty which exist in these dwellings of darkness. The people call themselves Buddh-

ists, but they appear to have stolen something from all the pagan religions in the world. They endeavour to secure to themselves merit by building bana maduas, or preaching-places; by hearing their sacred scriptures read in Pali, of which they understand about as much as many of the poor ignorant Roman Catholics do of Latin; by offering flowers, by building wehares and dagobas, and by going long journeys on pilgrimage. They imagine that these things will prepare them for happiness in the invisible world, and they appear to be as well satisfied with themselves as the erring Pharisees were in our Lord's time. When their fields and trees bring forth abundantly, they make offerings, not to Buddha, but to a number of heathen gods who are supposed to preside over their worldly affairs. When suffering from sickness, or any other calamity, they endeavour to conciliate the evil spirits by the performance of devil ceremonies. Such are some of the enemies with which the Christian Missionary and the native evangelist have to contend.

In twelve schools about 300 children are taught. Most of the Christians at Baddagama are either the children of Christian parents or converts from schools. I think nearly all the direct converts from heathenism are at Dodanduwa and Kosgoda.

At Dodanduwa things have gone on as in former years. It is still the most prosperous part of the district. The Aratchi, David Weerasuriya, and his family, are quite models of Christian simplicity, faith, charity and liberality. The father, mother and two daughters are regular communicants. The eldest daughter has a school, in which about thirty girls are daily taught the great truths of the Bible on which eternal things depend, and the most interesting part is, that all these pains are taken, and this time expended, not for lucre, but for love's sake, as she receives no remuneration for her labours. When the Lord increases the number of such Christians, true religion will doubtless gain the respect of the people, who appear now to suspect the sincerity of salaried teachers; and some hesitate not to tell us that both Missionary and native agents preach and teach for salary, and not for love or religion.

The case of a schoolgirl may be here related. It will prove that sometimes our schools are the means of leading children to the truth, and also show what children are called upon to suffer if they believe and confess that truth. It will perhaps suggest, too, the reasons why more do not acknowledge the truth as it is in Jesus, and why they do not confess that they believe it.

When this girl first began to attend school she manifested great opposition to Christianity, would not pay any attention to the Bible lesson, nor kneel down for morning and evening prayers at the opening and closing of the school. She contended for the truth of Buddhism against other children of Christian parents, and in various ways manifested her opposition to Christianity, as the child of an Upasakarala, might be expected to do. (An Upasakarala is one who has taken upon himself rigidly to observe a certain number of the precepts of Buddha.) It seems a mystery why the children's parents should ever have allowed her to come to our school at all. Probably their desire that the girl should learn needlework overcame their scruples about Chris-

tianity, or else they supposed the child proof against its influences. As time passed on she began to show more interest in the Bible lessons. She was frequently with some cousins, who are decidedly pious girls, and the parents began to feel some alarm for their daughter, and took her away from school. After a while, however, they again permitted the girl to come to our school, and in the meantime what she had previously heard had borne fruit, for now her desire to attend school, her interest in all she heard, and her willingness to learn, were most pleasing: her conduct in school was uniformly good, and her lessons were well learnt, but more especially the Scripture portions. She would now come very early to school, an hour or more before the proper time, and soon it was discovered why she came so early. It was in order to hear the catechist read and expound the Scriptures at family prayers, and afterwards to sit quietly and read her own Bible until the other children came to school. All this time she was attending the Buddhist temple with her family, but gradually she left off taking offerings and flowers, and did not worship the priests. She simply accompanied her mother, but without any interest in what she said.

It was about this stage of the history that I visited the school, and in order to test her knowledge and satisfy myself with regard to all I had heard about her, I called her and another girl aside, and questioned them upon the subject of Christianity. The answers of this little girl astonished me. Her knowledge of the New Testament history, her clear views about the way of salvation only by the blood of Jesus, and her grasp of Christian doctrine, were altogether so different to that of the other girl, that I could not help feeling she must be taught of God.

The answers of the one girl were what one would expect from learning by memory and hearing the Bible read and explained, but in the other case it was evidently experience and personal interest in the doctrines which she had learnt and read. Even at this time she well knew what a profession of her faith would involve, and I took special pains to explain to her that if she did confess Jesus before men she "must suffer persecution." It was not long after my conversation with her that she was called upon to "endure hardness," to witness her confession of faith, and to receive the persecution she had been led to expect.

This little girl had gone to the house of a Christian family, and there, during conversation, she acknowledged herself a Christian, and utterly renounced all faith in the religion of her fathers. A Buddhist servant overheard this conversation, and went and told her father and her family. It may be imagined what a storm it raised against the little girl. Her whole family, for generations strict Buddhists, her grandmother an Upasaka Amma, her father a Upasakarala, her uncle a priest, and nearly all her relatives devoted to Buddhism, do we wonder that they abused the child who dared to be a Christian, and that her father beat her, took away all her books, forbade her attending the school, and cut off all intercourse with our Christian people? But though beaten and reviled, she did not give up her faith in the Lord Jesus, neither would she make offerings, nor worship the priests, although beaten before the image. Although forbidden to come to the school or

Sunday services, her parents could not, and did not, hinder me or the catechist from going to the house and talking with the girl.

To questions about her trust in God, prayer to and faith in Jesus, she always answered satisfactorily. A short time before leaving the district I called at the father's house and saw her. I asked, "When you are beaten and persecuted, have you any comfort?" She replied, "God helps me to bear it all." "Do you think that God hears and answers your prayers?" "Oh yes," was the reply; "I know He does." "Do you believe that God can and will forgive your sins?" "Oh yes, I know He can, for Jesus Christ's sake," was the immediate answer; and this said with an expression of countenance I shall not soon forget. She also maintained that she would never give up Christianity, and never again be a Buddhist, and hitherto she has been faithful to her high resolve. One day she went to the house of the catechist, and begged his wife to tell me she wanted to be baptized, and to be taken away from her father's house, that she might serve God in peace. Being so young, only about thirteen years of age, of course she could not leave home without her father's consent, and we can only pray that God will give her strength to endure persecution for the cross of Christ, and that she may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and adorn the doctrine of her Saviour in all things. My last intelligence of this little girl was, that, though still persecuted, she was steadfast in her determination to be nothing but a Christian.

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#### BENARES.

SOME kinds of soil respond more promptly to the labours of the husbandmen: others are reluctant and hang back. Some seeds spring up more quickly: others are tardy in their development. Yet it is well to remember that the productions which are most valuable and lasting are usually the slowest in their growth. The kids soon frisk about and become goats: the offspring of man is long in babyhood.

In North India, although our Missionary work is on an extensive scale, and our Missionaries all that we could wish them to be, although their labours have been persistently carried on for many years, yet, so far, the visible results have been few. We cannot reckon, as in South India, the Native converts by many thousands. Congregations there are in several places, yet comparatively they are not numerous, and are thinly scattered over the face of the land. Nevertheless we are persuaded that there is a great work in preparation, and that it will break out suddenly, and on an extensive scale. Hinduism, in North India, is a strong concrete. When the people begin to move it will be not by units, but in masses, and the sapping and undermining process is being persistently and unostentatiously carried on.

Some labourers must have the excitement of present success, else they cannot work. But the superior labourer is the man,

who works on, although of present success there is but little, depending on the promises of God. Such men are the Rev. W. Smith and the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of Benares. Forty years and thirty-eight years have been the respective terms of their Missionary lives. We thank God that they have been left so long with us. May they be spared to see the winter past, and the breaking forth of spring!

The branches of work at this city of darkness and idolatry are many—Orphanages, normal schools, male and female; industrial, infant girls' schools; zenana work. In this latter branch progress has been made: admissions have been obtained to thirteen new houses, so that at the present time there are twenty families under instruction. Then there is the native congregation at Sigra, numbering 415, and a city congregation assembling in the new church, which was opened by Mr. Smith immediately before his declining health compelled his removal to the hills. Then there is also the beautiful little out-station at Gharwa, concerning which Mr. Leupolt says, "our prayers and labours are that this little station may become a centre stem of a beautiful Christian banyan-tree, from which branches (churches) may shoot forth in all directions, and take root in the neighbouring soil to the glory of God."

In addition to all these there is the aggressive work of preaching to the heathen, and how this important department is carried on Mr. Leupolt thus informs us—

During the last cold season myself and readers were engaged in itinerating. We followed the old plan of pitching our tent in some central spot, and visiting for several days the villages around the same. Thereby opportunity is offered to any inquirer to come and see us, whilst we also become more acquainted with the people. With the exception of two or three villages, we were gladly received everywhere, and the people listened willingly to our message, admitting freely that the Bible alone described man's nature as it really is, and points out its wants, and the means to supply those wants; a thing which it is not in the power either of Hinduism or Mohammedanism to do. Thinking natives feel this.

Thus whilst staying at Sakaldiya my colporteurs came and told me that they had discovered a Hindu Fakir, and supplied him with two tracts and a New Testament. He desired much to see me. I visited him twice, and found a man forty-two years old, with an interesting but anxious countenance. He told me something of his life. From his childhood he had been anxious to know God. The books which were given him to read did not satisfy him; he wanted more. When eighteen years old he became a Fakir. He left his home and built himself a hut. After some time he found that he made no progress in finding God and coming nearer to Him. To obtain this end he had a place excavated under-ground, and there he sat for two years, seeing neither sun nor moon, and never speaking a syllable to any human being. If food was



placed before him he ate it; if not, he went without food. At the end of two years he found his health giving way, but his end seemed as far off as ever. He then ascended again and spent eighteen long years more in his hut in contemplation, without coming nearer to his end of finding God.

On my speaking to him of Christ, showing him what He had done for us, how He meets all the aspirations, longings, and wants of the immortal spirit, he exclaimed several times, "Jesus Christ is a Saviour such as I want: I want a Saviour, and he is my Saviour. I will follow you." We urged him to read carefully the New Testament, and pray earnestly that God, through His Holy Spirit, may give him light.

Since then I have sent our people to visit him. He has left his hut, given up his Fakiri, has taken the farm of his father, and is diligently engaged in reading the word of God. I hope to see him next month.

As there is nothing in Hinduism to satisfy an immortal spirit, so there is nothing in Mohammedanism. Not long ago I had a visit from a Moulvi. He told me that, during the Affghan war, he had received a New Testament: he read it carefully, and doubts were created in his mind as to Mohammed. He then left Ghazni and went to Peshawur. On meeting and conversing with the Christians there his doubts increased. His friends advised him to go on pilgrimage to Mecca and drink of the celebrated well there, and all his doubts and fears would be removed. "I followed the advice," he said, "took 600 rupees, and set out for Mecca. I spent several months in Arabia, drank for some time daily from the well, saw a great many people, and conversed with them freely." "And your doubts," I asked; "has the celebrated well removed them?" "Yes!" was the reply; "they are gone! doubts and fears about Mohammed and Mohammedanism are gone. I am fully persuaded, and there is no doubt left on my mind, that Mohammed was an impostor and Mohammedanism is a lie. As to the people, if we are bad in India, the people of Arabia are ten thousand times worse." He made these remarks before another Moulvi.

At home, the city of Benares has not been neglected. We have continued our special meetings on Tuesdays for prayer and preaching, where most of our teachers and others attend. Our congregations in the city have not been very large, but the people have been attentive. There is at present a great stir among the Hindus and Mohammedans.

During the year we lost two of our best men. Our senior catechist, David Thakur, died in May last. He was with me till the last few days of his death. I trust he is with the Lord. He was my right hand in visiting and itinerating: we were always together. The natives generally respected and honoured him. And as far as my experience goes, I may safely say, that in our days a Christian who walks according to the Gospel is no longer despised by the natives.

The second who died was poor Dharam Sewak. He was very anxious to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen, and to tell them what Christ had done for his own soul. He married, but at the end of last year he was taken ill with consumption and spleen. He suffered a great deal, and two months ago he fell asleep in Jesus. His end was peace. The Lord's ways are indeed not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MENGNANAPURAM, TINNEVELLY . . . . .	97
THE DHESSERA CEREMONY IN KANDEISH . . . . .	99
POEM, BY THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON PHELPS . . . . .	102
BADDAGAMA . . . . .	103
BENARES . . . . .	106

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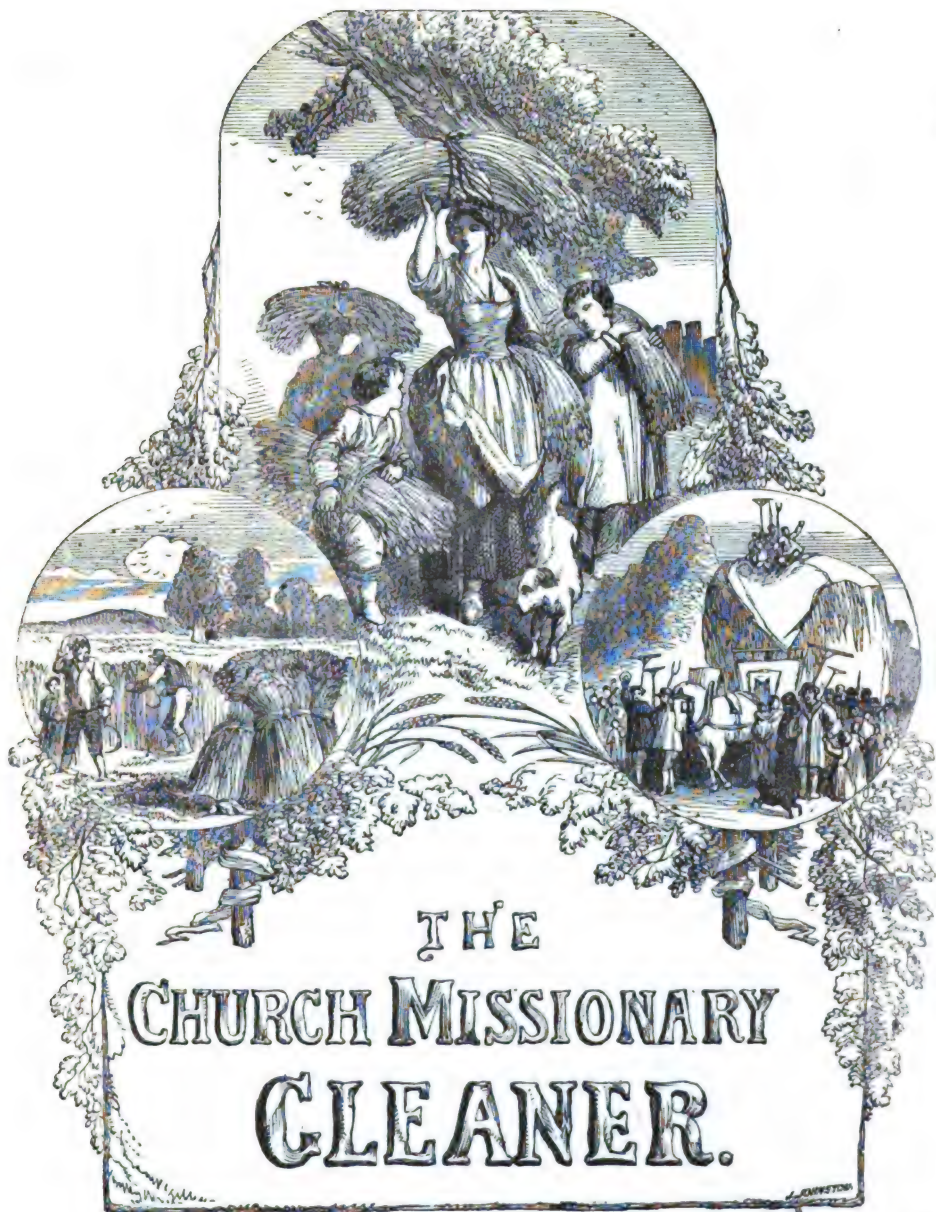
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The above Pictures are from drawings by an Artist familiar with Indian life, designed by him from Photographs and Sketches furnished by Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in the above Missions. They are highly finished in Colours, and may be depended upon as truthful representations of the incidents they represent. An Explanation is furnished with each Picture.

Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London.



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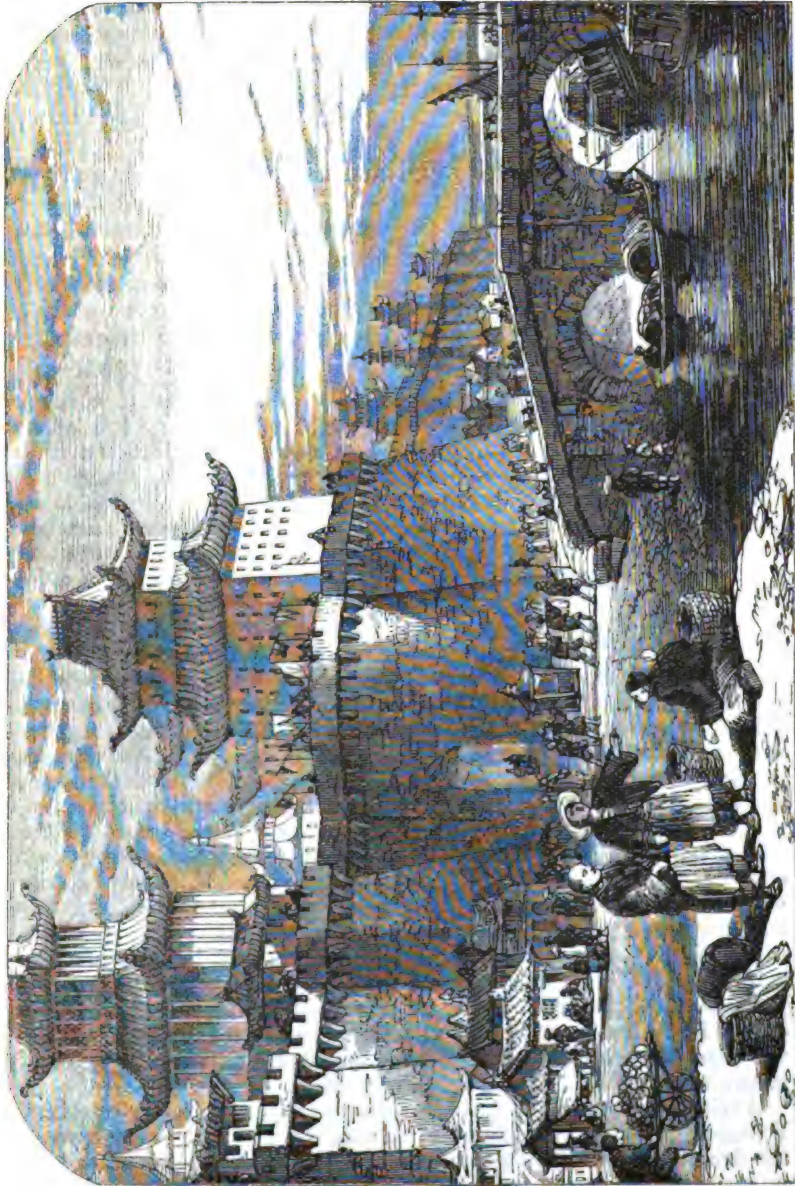
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MISSIONARY ITINERANCY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF  
NINGPO.

CHINA occupies a more than ordinary share of our anxiety and



WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

November, 1870.

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prayer at the present time. Another article in this Number explains the cause.

The Ningpo Mission has been favoured, until very recently, with much quiet, so much, that several new Missionaries from England having reached the coast, the brethren at Ningpo decided to occupy midway a new centre—Shaou-hying, a *foo*, or departmental city, situated between Ningpo and Hang-chow, the circuit of its walls being three times as much as Ningpo. The surrounding country is one of the most fertile and populous in China; so populous indeed, that in the Shaou-hying plain there are about five millions of souls speaking the same dialect. The inhabitants of the city and plain are celebrated over the empire for their intellectual and literary attainments, and exercise a corresponding influence.

The stations already occupied are carefully watched over, our Missionaries making frequent visits to the spots where a little fire has been kindled. The particulars of one of these itinerancies by the Rev. F. F. Gough will be found in the following paper—

*June 14, 1870*—I started on Tuesday last (7th inst.), with my Christian servant, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about eight P.M. reached Loh-do-gyiao. I at once went up to the little room we have rented there, with a native Christian in charge. A number of neighbours followed me in, full of curiosity, to whom we preached the Gospel in a conversational manner. One woman listened with considerable intelligence and interest. I promised to return and speak to them again in the morning. I moved my boat to a quiet nook on the opposite side for the night, on the suggestion of my new friends, where I held a little evening service with my servant and the two boatmen. I afterwards retired, but for a sleepless night under the persecution of mosquito bites. Great was the relief when the morning light brought deliverance. Although needing sleep, I did not dare to begin to take any, lest I should be unready for our friends on the bank. I told the boatman to move a little further on to the stone dike at the terminus of the canal, got out of the boat, and spoke to an elderly man standing on the dike with net in hand, to catch any fish that might chance to pass over with the water. Other men soon began to come round us, who told me of the recent visit of a foreigner, whom I knew to be Mr. Bates. Upon my asking what they had heard, one elderly man repeated to me pretty accurately the first part of the parable of the prodigal son. I moved the boat back to the chapel landing-place, and went on shore, and had conversation with those who came together, and with old Sing-kwông himself, with whom I left some books. Near noon, started for Kôh-du-z, only three or four English miles. On our way, hailed by the messenger whom my wife had thoughtfully sent to meet me at Kôh-du-z, with a set of mosquito curtains, for which I was very thankful.

At Kôh-du-z went up to the little room or chapel, where our catechist, Kyng-ming, lives. A tolerable number kept coming in, in spite of the drizzling rain. Kyng-ming and myself addressed them, or kept up conversation on the truth, during a great part of the afternoon, a

copy of the creed and of the commandments on the wall, and still more my Testament in my hand, supplying abundant materials "for doctrine, for reproof, &c." At last I retired, somewhat tired, to the boat; then started with Kying-ming to walk round the eastern base of the Kôh-du-z hills. He showed me the path over the pass into San-poh. Returning, we stopped in a hamlet, and began conversation with a seller of bean cakes (deo-vu), who furnished us with seats, but scarcely liked our pointedly addressing him. However, many, principally women, gathered round us and listened. I spoke pointedly to an aged woman (seventy-six years of age), who presently referred to the reports against us here, amongst other things, that we give 40,000 copper cash (upwards of 7*l.*) to every proselyte, besides a regular allowance, on the condition that at death we take out their hearts! On our way back to the room we had conversation with the catechist about these reports, which he spoke of as a trying impediment in his way. Decided, if the weather should allow, in the morning to walk to Ha-pu with him. My boat was fastened for the night in a little creek nearly opposite the chapel. Much rain and strong wind, especially towards morning, but I had refreshing sleep within the mosquito curtains.

I decided in the morning not to walk to Ha-pu, but to return from Kôh-du-z at once, and proceed in the direction of Z-kyi, for two reasons (1), there was not much opportunity for work in the rain, and (2), I feared that a very little more rain would make me, or at least my boat, a prisoner for some days, as it would be impossible to get under the bridges.

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#### INVITATION TO PRAYER.

THE Rev. W. A. Russell, in a letter from Ningpo, reminds us that the position of Missionaries in China at the present time is unquestionably one of grave danger and of great perplexity, "needing the prayers and sympathies of our Christian friends in England, that we may be kept in this hour of trial, and have that faith in God, and that practical wisdom imparted unto us which we now especially need."

This is the true resource—"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." We may take for example and encouragement the action of the church at Jerusalem, when James the brother of John having been slain by Herod, and Peter cast into prison and on the eve of execution, then "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."

Our Missionaries are in danger. The sky is overcast, and appearances ominous. The danger may be averted. Once, when Abeokuta was threatened by the Dahomey king, and our Missionaries in that city were in danger, an appeal was drawn up and circulated, and Christians in England were invited to prayer. It was responded to by numbers, and was remarkably answered, the barbarian king abandoning his intended onslaught on the city, and our Missionaries being thus preserved in circumstances of great danger and perplexity.



The subjoined appeal for prayer has already appeared in the columns of the "Record" newspaper, and appears to be most appropriate for such of our friends as may desire any hints for special prayer—

Eight years' experience of the Chinese have made me, in a certain sense, familiar with hostile rumours and a threatening aspect of affairs; but from public telegrams and private letters I am led to fear that such an outburst of hostility, and such circumstances of danger as the present, must be regarded as unprecedented.

I will not pause to discuss the political bearing of the question. I desire now, through the medium of your columns, to enlist the sympathies of all who can pray, on behalf of our fellow countrymen in China. I believe that there are many in England possessed of that virtue with which the King of Prussia has been credited, namely, an "enthusiastic faith in the power of prayer." Nothing but God's special intervention, as it appears to me, can save lives imperilled in China; but we are certain that that can do it, and we believe that prayer can move the Omnipotent arm.

Let me briefly enumerate the special objects for which I request special prayer. In addition to the large number of merchants and civilians at the port, numbering from four to five thousand, and in addition to the numerous Roman-Catholic priests and Sisters scattered through the provinces, there are about one hundred Protestant Missionaries, with some six or seven thousand native converts, in China. I confess that my gravest fears are roused for these Chinese Christians, very many of them being in their very infancy as to Christian knowledge and experience. Prompt and judicious action on the part of our authorities in China may possibly, with God's blessing, rescue all the Missionaries and their families; but if the hostile movement proceeds, and if war results, the vengeance, impotent against Armstrongs and Sniders, will be wreaked upon Chinese men, women and children, our brethren and sisters in the Lord. About four years ago, whilst I was residing in the city of Ningpo, kidnapping rumours, similar to those which caused the Tien tsin massacre, were rife, and I remember well one of our catechists reporting to me the threats which had been aimed at him when preaching in the country—"The English will soon be exterminated, and then your turn will come." Let prayer, then, rise for the Chinese in peril in China, and let the Missionaries residing at Tien tsin, at Che-foo, at Tung-chow, at Nan-kin, at Kiu-kiang, at Han-kow, at Nu-chang, at Yang-chow, and Shanghae, at Ningpo, at Weng-chow, at Fuh-chau, at Amoy, at Swatow, at Canton, and at Hong Kong, be borne on the hearts of God's praying people. And let those far removed from gunboat or any power of man—the Missionaries at Peking, my own dear brother and his fellow-workers at Hang-chow (140 miles away from Ningpo), and others at Shaou-hying (100 miles inland)—be commended in loving faith to the Omnipotent and Omnipresent Redeemer's hands. And He who hears even future prayer by anticipation, will not allow our prayers to be too late; He will enable our brethren and sisters to glorify Him, whether by life or by death; and it may be that they will all be spared still, "the

living to praise Him," in a country opened all the more widely to Christian efforts by this outburst of the malice of Satan and of evil men.

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## FORT YOUCON.

FROM time to time we have been enabled to bring before our readers fragmentary notices of the Missionary work at this station. Our periodical is literally a Gleaner. It is not in our power to present our readers with sheaves, but only with gleanings. Yet although we have only gathered gleanings from the Youcon field, they have possessed a portion of the interest which characterizes the work of evangelization in that quarter; and our readers have, with us, thanked God when they have read of the simplicity and readiness with which the Indians have received the word, to the improvement of their character, and the saving of their souls.

The time in which we live is marked by great political changes. In the short space of two months strong dynasties, as they seemed to be, have been overthrown, and powerful nations reduced to weakness. A great earthquake is in action, disturbing the settled arrangements of the political world. Even the remote district of the Youcon has felt the vibration. The Fort of Youcon has been found to be within the limits of the territory which has been transferred by Russia to the United States Government. Fort Youcon is not in British territory.

A letter from our Missionary, the Rev. R. McDonald, dated Fort Youcon, January 7th, 1870, acquaints us with these facts—

"An American steam-boat arrived here last summer, on the 31st of July, with agents of a fur-trading firm, and government officials, to determine the position of the Fort. It was found, by astronomical determination, to be seventy-five miles due west within the boundary of the Alaska limits, and they claimed the Fort in the name of the American Government."

The nearer tribes of Indians having been accustomed to trade with the Hudson's-Bay Company, are not disposed to trade with the Americans. The majority of them have already removed within the limits of the British territory. It has therefore been deemed advisable that the Hudson's-Bay Company should establish a Post within British boundary, on Rat River, otherwise Porcupine River, in order to keep up trade with these Indians.

To this new Post Mr. McDonald purposed to remove, that thus he also may be in a position to maintain his Missionary work amongst the Indians.

There is, indeed, every thing to encourage our Missionary in his work. He reached Peel-River Fort, from Fort Simpson in the beginning of December. A large number of Indians awaited him, the majority of the Peel-River tribe, and a few of the Mackenzie-River Tukuth. On the same day a party of Esquimaux arrived. These people evinced the same willingness as usual to receive Christian instruction. The Rev. W. C. Bompas has expressed an anxiety to labour amongst the Esquimaux, and visit their camps in winter. When

they were told of this they shouted out, "Thanks! Thanks!" and appeared truly delighted, and said they would be glad of his doing so.

Other Posts were visited. At La Pierre's House the Indians were at their deer-barrières, but on being made acquainted with the arrival of the Missionary, they came to the Fort in considerable numbers. Twenty of them participated in the Lord's Supper. They all seemed to be possessed of an humble and grateful spirit.

On his way to Fort Youcon Mr. McDonald stopped at various camps of Indians, spending one or more days with each, as occasion required. Amongst the Ventu kutchin on the North River he baptized five adults.

Fort Youcon was visited by several groups of Indians, especially on New-year's day. Mr. McDonald improved to the utmost the opportunities of imparting Christian instruction, and administering Christian ordinances during the few days of the visit of each tribe, and purposed to visit them at their respective camps.

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"THE LABOURERS ARE FEW."

(Continued from page 115.)

Do you love your earthly parents,  
Joyfully requite their love?  
Much more should you love your parent  
Whom you hope to meet above.  
Do you love Him?  
*Works* will follow earnest love.

Do not hesitate or linger;  
Enter on this noble race,  
As a soldier of your Saviour,  
Be not slow to take your place.  
Crowns await us  
When we reach yon blissful place.

Mind not trials or temptations,  
Those of body, those of mind,  
Those from Satan or the heathen,  
Of whatever name or kind.  
Christ is with us,  
Help and strength in Him we find.

There's a joy found in thus working,  
Greater far than I can tell.  
*Think* of this; our work is turning  
Sinners from the road to hell.  
Lay your hand to  
Help in saving souls from hell.

Christ has given you many blessings,  
Full forgiveness, joy, and peace;  
These and other gifts possessing,  
Come and labour to increase  
That great number  
Who in Christ have joy and peace.

Toiling, watching, waiting, praying,  
In our striving souls to win;  
Fear and trembling, dark foreboding,  
Grief and pain, because of sin;  
All await us  
In our efforts souls to win.

But when once the toil is over,  
Oh! when once the work is done,  
Then to be with Christ for ever,  
With the Father and the Son,  
This awaits us  
After all our toil is done.

Then no pain, no doubt, no fearing,  
No more grief and anxious care;  
Rest and peace, and joy and glory,  
With our blessed Lord we'll share;  
With our Jesus  
Each will be a fellow heir.

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Come, then, join us in our labour,  
We must work *now* while we may,  
(Whoso'er may frown or favour)  
Tarry not, but come away;  
'Tis your wisdom  
Thus to *work* as well as pray.

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# LETTER WRITTEN BY THE WIFE OF A MISSIONARY ON RETURNING TO SIERRA LEONE.

*Charlotte, Sierra Leone, January, 1870.*

LEAVING England, after an absence from the Mission of nearly two years, and touching at Madeira, the writer and her husband arrived at Sierra Leone. She says—"Now we are somewhat settled in our own mountain home I must not let the mail leave without a line to let you know how lovingly our Heavenly Father has guided and cared for us. We arrived at Madeira on the 30th November, in time for those who could enjoy it to have a nice English breakfast. After having a pleasant drive in a sledge drawn by two oxen, we returned on board much strengthened and refreshed by our visit on *terra firma*. I had been ill ten days out of fourteen. We had a very kind and attentive doctor on board. His remedy for sea-sickness (and which gave me great relief) was chloroform and ginger. On the morning of December 8th we saw our beloved hills at sunrise, and anchored at 9.40, but did not land before one o'clock, as there was a great display of banners, flags, and arches made of the beautiful palm-leaf, erected on the wharf in honour of the Governor's (in-Chief for the West Coast of Africa) return. While we were waiting on board, some of our Sunday-school female teachers took a boat and came to us. It seems they had waited four days in November, hoping we should arrive then. Poor things, they were quite overpowered, the tears running down their faces. Most thankful were we to set our feet once more on dear Africa's burning soil, and hearty were the greetings and kindness we received from all. Many of our people met us in Freetown, with the hammock and palanquin tastefully decorated with flowers and white flags: the flowers they had walked three miles to obtain, to show us, as they said, their joy and gladness at our return. At Gloucester many of the beloved children met us, but, as we came nearer home, men, women and children crowded round us, making our hands and ears ache with their warm salutations. When we arrived at our own home we found the house and yard filled with people. The great difficulty was how to separate from them without giving offence, as it was very late, and we were worn out with the heat and excitement of the day. However, my dear husband assembled as many in the schoolroom as he could, to sing the well-known hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs;" and after a few words of prayer they all went away quietly to their own homes. True, we went to bed, but were, as you may imagine, too excited to sleep. Perhaps we realized more than ever, on that eventful day, that we could raise our Ebenezer with gratitude deeper than ever. When we left, in 1868, we were obliged to leave through illness, many of our things were left unpacked and scattered about, yet we have not found one thing missing. The most trivial thing has been prized and put away. Does it not speak well for our liberated children, who have been left alone for so long a time without any European supervision? We cannot think too well of them, or our native matron, Mrs. Nottoge. The first week in January, 1870, we had four of our girls married, which, as all weddings do, increased our work considerably. Three of the younger men had been educated by the American Missionaries in

the Sherbro, so that the girls will be among their own country-people. We look upon this event as an answer to prayer, and earnestly hope they will be bright examples to the heathen, and strive to gather the children around them to be instructed as they themselves have been taught in our schools. I must tell you how delighted our big as well as little children are with the fine yellow picture-books of nursery rhymes, &c., you gave us. It is ridiculous how well they understand that sort of literature. We have lately admitted six more poor little heathen girls into our midst. Three of them seem dear gentle children. I trust they may soon understand the love of their Saviour, and be led to give their young hearts to Him.

Our school progresses very nicely. The children continue most anxious to learn. We have reorganized our school, and are trying to train fifty of our younger children for governesses. I need not tell you, beloved friend, how much care and time are necessary so that we do nothing rashly. Will you pray for us that we may be endued with much wisdom and patience? I cannot tell you how intensely I often long for Christ's kingdom to come.

#### IT COSTS MUCH TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

It does so, whether at home or abroad.—“Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.” Many there are who say when the strain comes, “This is a hard saying: who can bear it?” and they go back and walk no more with Him. It is not, however, that the sacrifice is too great, but the principle which actuates the man is too weak. Where it is genuine, not of nature but of grace, it can cope successfully with all difficulties—for whom I have suffered the loss of all things.

Sometimes, when professors go back, the case is one of decided apostacy, and they never return; the work being throughout unsound. In other cases the backslider goes away, but he finds himself restless and unhappy, until at last convictions break forth in words like these: “I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now.” And when they do come back it is, like Peter, with a truer knowledge of themselves. They are not all Judas-like, these poor backsliders: some are like Peter.

Ministers at home are no strangers to these experiences among their people, neither are Missionaries abroad. In the case of the most promising convert we should rejoice with trembling, and when disappointment comes we should never despair.

There is a case now in Calcutta which bears out this observation. For the present, however, we keep it back, until it assumes a more decided aspect one way or the other. We shall illustrate our meaning by an instance culled from the Missionary experiences of our German brethren at Palghat, in the Malabar country,

and in that great depression in the Western Ghats which leaves a communication between the two coasts of the peninsula.

Two youths, Pallaniandi and Kelen by name, of Kinnanur (an out-station about three miles north-west of Palghat), had come to hear us for months, and had listened very willingly to God's word. As they were anxious to join us, I went, on the 31st of December, to Kinnanur, and, accompanied by the catechist, Jonathan Kandappen, directed our steps to the house of Pallaniandi, which was not far distant from our school. On the way we met the two youths, who were waiting for us, and who both said that they were determined now to come out in good earnest. We went to Pallaniandi's house, partly to give him an opportunity for taking the first step, partly to see the parents, and show that we did not go to work in any under-hand way. After having invited all who were present to the kingdom of God, we rose to depart, accompanied by the two youths, and then ensued one of those often-described scenes in which true faith must prove itself strong enough to bear the rending asunder of the ties of the strongest natural affections. Mother and sister burst into tears, and cried that they would take away their own lives if their son and brother persisted in his determination. Finding that no notice was taken of this threat, the mother rushed from the door, and blocked up his path, then threw her arms round his neck, fell at his feet, and besought him in a way that might have moved the heart of the sternest judge. Still all these tears and this grief were in vain. Pallaniandi remained firm, gently drew himself away, and went with us to Kelen's house. There, not long since, the eldest son had become a Mohammedan, and the mother's grief over this was so fresh and strong that the danger threatening the younger seemed at first to affect her but little. She listened quietly to the words preached to her, and scarcely made any opposition to his departure. Next we went to the house of Pallaniandi's nephew, Muruhu, and there also we were allowed to preach the good tidings of salvation for sinners, undisturbed.

On the way back we had again to pass Pallaniandi's house, and there in the road stood his mother and aunt, who, as we approached them, threw themselves upon Pallaniandi, pulling and dragging him away, and beseeching him with tears not to give them this bitter sorrow. Once again he broke away from them, and came cheerfully and unwaveringly with us, his mother, however, still following him at some distance. At length we all reached the Mission station, where we prayed, gave thanks, and consulted together. Both young men felt that it would be too great a trial of their constancy to be besieged day by day by their relatives, and were therefore willing to go with me to Palghat for a time. The old mother, however, did not relax in her efforts, and was soon strengthened by her friends. Again and again they attacked Pallaniandi, who evidently began to yield to his natural feelings, and finally lost courage, when Kelen, called away by his employment of palmyra climbing, declared that he must now go home, and went, in spite of our warnings. When the time came for us to start to catch the evening train from Parali, I set before Pallaniandi a last alternative, giving him his free choice about going or staying.

If the women let him go quietly, he resolved to go with me : if they seized him, not to do so. As we passed before them and went out of the gate, they, as if restrained by an invisible hand, made no attempt to lay hold on him, but kept about ten paces behind us, and finally went back. Unhindered we reached Parali, entered the train, and arrived at Palghat with the twilight. With trembling we began to rejoice, thanked God, and prayed to Him for further victory. But what happened? The next morning, January 1, as we went to the railway station to greet and say our last farewells to two brethren, who were going to embark at Madras, Pallaniandi's mother came into our compound, coaxed her son to come out, and persuaded him to return quickly with her. On our way back from the station we met them, and saw with horror what an advantage the mother had gained. We talked, warned, begged and intreated for fully a quarter of an hour, while a crowd of people gathered round us, but all in vain. He must go now, he said, with his mother, but could come again to us. Ah! but when? In all haste a young wife was sought out for him, and they were married now twenty days ago. We have often seen him since. Languid, miserable, and troubled, he goes about and confesses that he is far from happy. But how can he now free himself? Let us pity and pray for the poor captive one!

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#### LAHOUL.

AND where is Lahoul? somebody may be disposed to ask. It is one of those remote places where are to be found that which is more precious than gold, for there are human beings, and in every living human body, however debased it may be, there is an immortal soul which may be won for Christ. People will go any where if gold is to be found, in the search of which they are satisfied to endure great dangers and privations. There are some men who will go any where to win souls. Such men are not understood by the world, which thinks them fools. The fact is, they soar too high, and are beyond the range of earthly vision.

Lahoul is a district in the north-east of the Punjab. Around it lie Ladak, Spiti, Kulu, Chamba: it is about 68 miles long by 34 in breadth: surrounded by lofty mountains, some of the peaks rising to the height of 13,000 and even 16,000 feet.

The snow falls in this country to a very great depth, and drifts along by the force of the wind, so much so, that the suspension bridge at Kokser is annually carried away by a mass of drift snow, which buries it during the winter. Whole villages are occasionally snowed up for three weeks at a time, but so long as the houses stand the people suffer but little inconvenience.

This is not an inviting home, yet there are good men, Moravian Missionaries, who have chosen it as their Missionary home, and settled themselves there because they hoped to win souls to Christ. The religion of the people is Lamaism, a modification of Buddhism. The priests are called Lamas. Every Lama carries

a *chos-kor*, or precious religious wheel, a metal cylinder, about three inches high and two and a half inches in diameter, filled with rolls of printed prayers or charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. This the Lama, by a gentle motion, keeps perpetually turning in his hand, and as every twist of the prayers in this cylinder is supposed to be the same as a recitation by himself he can multiply his prayers to any extent. Some account of what the Missionaries are doing will be found in the following extracts from their reports—

Probably all the inhabitants of Lahoul by this time know what our message is; but, just in proportion as they perceive the difference between our doctrines and their own, their unwillingness to hear us increases. It is almost a rarity that any one comes to the service on Sunday, except such as are to some extent employed by us. On the other hand, the people of the village have consecrated a new idol-house. The proceedings were such as one would be ashamed to describe. Br. Heyde attempted to address the people in the language of admonition, as long as they were sober, but subsequently had to retire. The girls, who attended our knitting-school in the winter, from the money which they then earned subscribed to the maintenance of the Lama who manufactured the idol. Dewi Chand, too, the proprietor of the estate, becomes more and more bigoted.

I now proceed to speak of our small congregation. In reference to it we have cause for anxiety. The baptized are, as has been previously remarked, all from Ladak. All of them live close together in our yard. Under these circumstances their infirmity often manifests itself in disharmony and quarrelling among themselves. It has happened that heathen from the village have had to appear as witnesses on such occasions, or even to act the part of mediators. When such occurrences come to our knowledge, and we admonish them in love, good is done, but only for a time, and we have to see how little Christianity has really influenced their hearts, and how the old man again and again manifests itself. Then, too, I believe they have a longing for their native country, Ladak, and think they could live as Christians there, as they have been instructed in the true religion, taking our books with them for further perusal. Lately, Matthew and Lydia actually packed up their goods, after a quarrel with Hannah, in the course of which many angry words had been used. It is true, they attended to our admonitions, and remained here; but we cannot dismiss the apprehension, that some day our little flock will in this way be dispersed. I must admit that they are in a peculiar position: they are strangers here, their native land has attractions for them, and in the summer they see numbers of their fellow-countrymen passing by, who do not omit to employ persuasion. Besides this, they have no intercourse with the Lahoules, being looked upon as apostates, so that the women hardly leave our premises all the year round. This state of things is calculated to confirm them in a merely external apprehension of Christianity. Hence we are careful constantly to impress upon them



that it is not enough to be convinced of the vanity of idolatry, but that the heart must be penetrated by the Saviour's love, and He, to whom all things are possible, will doubtless graciously hear our prayers. May He give us grace to continue labouring with patience in His vineyard!

Mr. Rechler, a Missionary who wrote the above report, has been since at Simla, and, it is pleasant to find, has been recognised and welcomed as becomes one to be, who, amidst many hardships, is labouring to plant the tree of life in the inclement region of Lahoul.

#### STATISTICS RESPECTING CHINA.

It appears that there are in China 129 Protestant Missionaries of various denominations, besides 23 lay-helpers, and 129 Missionary ladies. Of ordained natives there are as yet only 19. The stations occupied are in number 306, and the communicants 5742, the whole presenting a little flock indeed amidst the dense masses of heathen Chinese: nevertheless, a beginning has been made, and what is well begun is half done.

The Church Missionary Society has at present nine Missionaries in China, who are to be found at Peking, and in the provinces of Chekeang and Fuhchau.

From Fuhchau we have published from time to time very interesting accounts received from our Missionary, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, of the extension of a spirit of inquiry, and an increase in the number of native converts in various places in the interior of the province.

Now the American Missionaries in the province of Fuhchau report the same facts, and bear the same testimony. One of them has published in the "New-York Evangelist" the following, in which he compares the present state of things with that which existed thirteen or fourteen years ago—

"Instead of there being no Protestant chapels in the surrounding country, and but five or six small rooms or buildings rented and fitted up to serve as chapels in the city and suburbs, there are now sixty church buildings, chapels, and preaching-places in the city and surrounding country . . . . At almost all of these, regular religious services are held on the Sabbath, besides other services held more or less numerous and regularly during the week.

"Instead of having no native helpers, as thirteen years ago, there are now about forty such persons, only a few of whom are stationed in the city and suburbs. They are expected to devote all their time and strength to the work of teaching, catechizing, distributing books and tracts, preaching, &c. There is also a class of young and middle-aged native Christians, spoken of as student helpers, numbering more than thirty, who are employed partly as Mission helpers while under instruction, in the hope that within a few years they may be prepared for fuller work and greater usefulness."



# MESSRS. HATCHARD'S LIST.

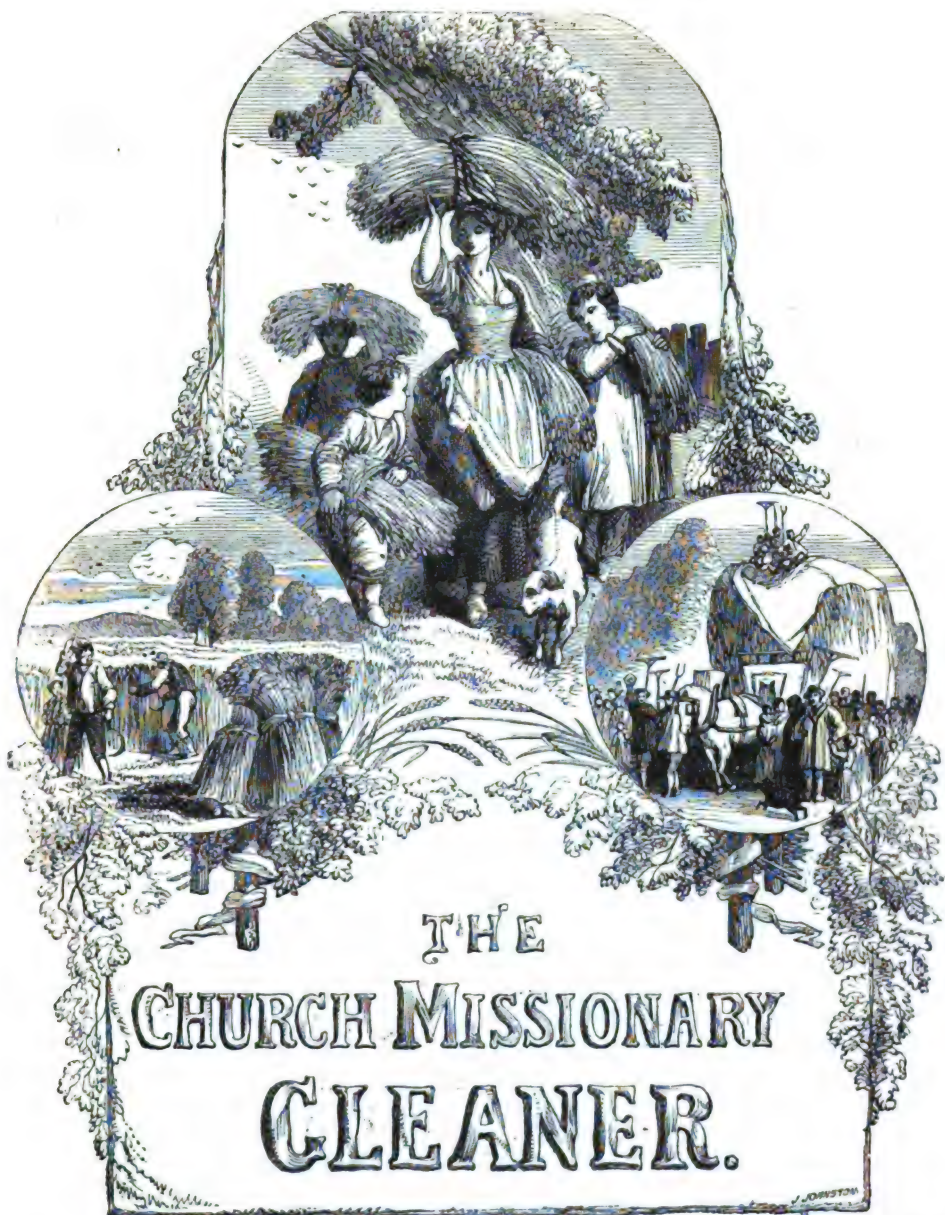
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DECEMBER, 1870.

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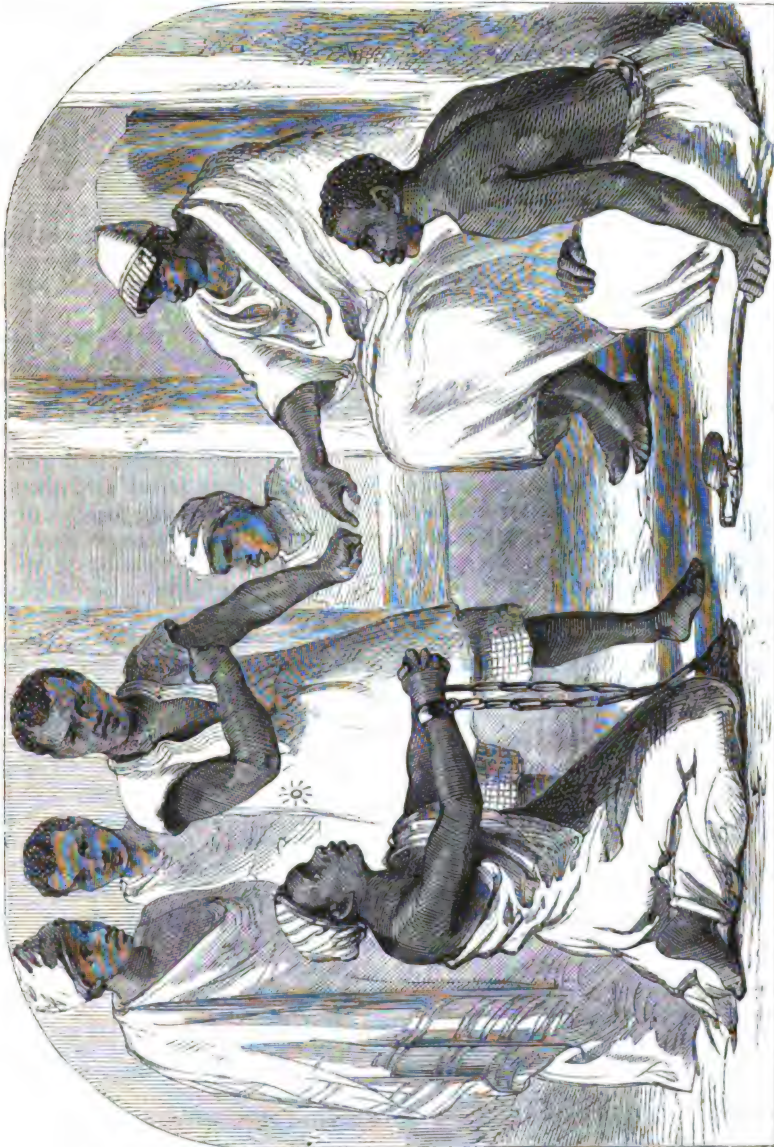
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NOTICES OF IBADAN, IJAYE, AND OYO.

Our native pastor, the Rev. W. Moore, of Oshelle, Abeokuta, reached Ibadan on Saturday, August 13th. The next day he took the morning service at



ONIKEKU ENTREATING LEAVE TO REMAIN A CHRISTIAN.

December, 1870.

Kudeti, and preached to an attentive congregation of 223 souls from 1 Tim. ii. 5. Afterwards he administered the Lord's Supper to eighty-two souls. Besides the three stations at Ibadan, there is an open-air preaching-place, where the native catechist used to go every Lord's-day, and always had a good number of hearers. The audience on this Sunday was about 400 souls, and, after the service, two persons came forward, inquiring what they must do to please God.

On Monday, August 15, Mr. Moore celebrated a marriage. As the Ibadan chiefs had recently returned from the Ijesha war, Mr. Moore proceeded to visit some of them, viz. "Orosi, who has now the title of Asipa, and is designated to be the Bale, or Governor-in-chief of the town; Ajayi Ogoriefon, who is also designated to receive one of the higher titles of the town; and Ajobbo, who is designated to be the Balogun, or Captain-general of the warriors." They received the native pastor from Oshielle very gladly, appeared friendly, and made him presents of cowries and kola-nuts.

All the chiefs who had received titles of distinction some four years ago by Ogomula, after they had returned from the Ijebu war, had passed away from time to eternity, and now their boasted glory and distinction are at an end. Others were found eagerly straining for the said transitory distinctions, regardless of how soon their predecessors have been snatched away.

The Mission agents had very wisely made themselves acquainted with Asipa, the designated Bale of the town, explaining to him who they were, and the nature of their work, and how they received their support, namely, from the good people of England, who loved God and their fellow-men, and desired that all should know the way of salvation. The Asipa was very much pleased at their waiting on him, and spoke very encouragingly to them, and very highly of God as the supreme and sole ruler of the universal world. He encouraged them to apply to him whenever they should suffer any grievance from any man in the town, promising that he would to the utmost of his power protect them.

Mr. Moore then proceeded to Ijaye, once a station of the Church Missionary Society. This large town, once so densely populated, was found to be overspread with thick bush and forest, broken through and traversed only by a mere narrow footpath, hardly more than one foot wide, kept open by the track of caravans from the interior to the coast, or from the coast to the interior. The spot on which had stood the residence of the late tyrant chief, Kurummi by name, to which men used to approach with great fear and caution, was so covered with thick bush, that its precise position was a matter of some uncertainty. A son of this man has been permitted by the Ibadan authorities to return to his native place, on the condition that he does not build on the ruined site. He has therefore built a village at a little distance. Permission has also been given to any native of Ijaye, "*who is a slave to nobody*," to dwell there, but as yet only few have availed themselves of this, having no confidence on Ibadan's promise of safety. This new chief received the Missionary party courteously, and made them some presents as a token of his good-will.

The next place visited was Oyo. Their arrival was reported to one Orikunkun, whom the king had appointed to receive all strangers from the coast. Arrangements were made for an interview. In the afternoon they were summoned to the king's quarter. After waiting about two hours outside the gate, at about 5 P.M. they were called into the royal presence. Their mode of reception was not very gracious. They had to sit on the bare ground in the open air, about twelve yards distant from the king, who sat on a mat leaning upon a fine bolster under a porch of his house, and surrounded by forty or more of his wives, while some fifty of his slaves prostrated themselves before the porch, at every word which the king uttered repeating the word—*Kabiyesi*—and smiting their breasts. After some conversation about Abeokuta the interview terminated.

It had been Mr. Moore's intention to visit Isein, but tidings arrived that a civil war was raging there, and that the king had been shot, his numerous wives having set his house on fire, in the hope of escaping from their confined position. Abandoning this purpose, they remained at Oyo, and spent the Lord's-day with the few converts there. These poor people have been without a teacher for years, and yet they had not forsaken the assembling of themselves together. On every Lord's-day they met, not indeed to enjoy a regular service, inasmuch as the individual who had undertaken to be their leader, and at whose piazza they assembled, could not read well enough. They united together in singing a hymn, and then arranged themselves into classes, those who knew a little more than the others acting the part of teachers to their fellows, and thus they kept together for about four hours; then, after another hymn, the leader, or some one else of the party, prayed. Towards evening they met again and did the same. Oyo has never been the residence of an ordained man, and the Lord's Supper had never been administered. On the occasion of Mr. Moore's visit they engaged in a regular Lord's-day service. It is remarkable that at this place the church and Missionary house had been broken down, but the living church, consisting of nine men and nine women, had kept together and lived on.

One of these converts, Lucy Oterunmi, had brought up a niece, named Onikeku in the Christian faith. Having arrived at mature age, she was married to a heathen husband, a pledge and promise having been given by him that he would not hinder her from following the Christian religion, a promise which he kept for some time; but within the last three months he had begun to persecute her. Onikeku, however, paid no regard to his threats and ill-usage, but continued to meet her fellow-Christians every Lord's-day. She was then taken before several men of distinction in the town, in the hope of scaring her from her profession of Christianity, but she regarded them not. She was next brought before the king's elder son, who rules with his father in the town. This ruler put her in chains for five days, giving her, as it were, the water of affliction and the bread of affliction. After this confinement she was commanded to meet the Christians no more—that she should renounce the Christian faith altogether. Earnestly did she plead with him. She reminded him that she had been brought up in the Christian faith, and that it was not meet that she should be called



upon to renounce it. Kneeling down, she intreated the king's son that she might be suffered to remain in the Christian religion. The king, becoming angry, commanded that she should be struck on the mouth, but this did not silence her: she continued to say the same words. Then the ruler gave his decision—"If you will serve God you must serve him in your husband's house, and go no more to serve God in any other place;" and that if she broke this injunction she should be put to death. He then commanded that she should be carried away from his presence.

Lucy, the guardian of Onikeku, was greatly grieved when she heard the king's decision. So grieved was she that she proposed to her adopted to escape with her from Oyo, and get down to the coast, where she might have freedom to serve God. But here Mr. Olubi, the native catechist of Ibadan, happily interfered, reminding them, that even if they got clear off, yet they would leave their fellow-Christians behind them, and that the whole weight of the trouble would fall on them; that, moreover, no compulsion had been put upon her to worship an idol, and that it was better for the present that she should content herself with worshipping God in her husband's house. It might be that they might soon have a teacher, their place of worship be rebuilt, and eventually the privilege obtained for her of attending public worship.

#### TIDINGS FROM MADAGASCAR.

VOHIMARE, the north-eastern province of Madagascar, was the locality where our Missionaries, Messrs. Campbell and Maundrell, commenced their work in that island. The town which they occupied as their head-quarters was called Amboania, about three hours distance, by filanzana, from Hiarina, the sea-port, where they first landed. This part of the country being found unsuitable to serve as the basis of a Mission, it was resolved to occupy a town called Andovoranto on the east coast to the south of Tamatave, inhabited mainly by Betsimisarakas and Betarimenas, with a sprinkling of Hovas, and to that point the Mission was transferred in the autumn of 1866.

At Vohimare a few had been gathered in. When the Missionaries left, two native Christians, John Ratsiza and Simeon Ratsitera, stood forward to carry on the work.

In June of last year Mr. Campbell revisited Vohimare. We have his journal before us. What had the native teachers done during the time of the European Missionaries' absence? Had they been the means of doing good, and are there any proofs of this?

At Soavanandriana, a small town on the route, Mr. Campbell found several candidates for baptism, and on June 6th had the pleasure of baptizing three men and two women. "Of these, four were among our disciples at Vohimare, and the fifth, who had

known something of the truth at Antananarivo, was further instructed by our friends here."

On the next Sunday there was a further ingathering. A man came from Vohimare, with his wife and child, desiring baptism, and bringing with him letters from John and Simeon testifying to his sincerity and earnestness. "This young man formerly attended some of our services, but did not strike me as being very hopeful; but God has His own way of working, and brings His people to Himself, in His own time and way. 'He led them by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation.'"

In the evening a list of ten persons desiring baptism was presented to our Missionary, and amongst them the names of the governor and his wife.

After a visit to Vohimare of some weeks duration, Mr. Campbell returned to the town of Soavanandriana. Sunday, August 8th, will not soon be forgotten by its people. That was the day when these baptisms took place. The candidates, who sat on a form in front of the congregation, stood up so soon as the baptismal service was commenced. As the Missionary took them severally by the right hand, they knelt down reverently, and were baptized.

The governor chose the name of Zacharias, and on the Tuesday he killed a large bullock in honour of his baptism, that all his friends might rejoice with him.

Let us now see what happened whilst Mr. Campbell was at Vohimare. The Christians came out to meet him as he approached the town, and, marching in file before him, escorted him to the house which they had prepared for his reception. There was, indeed, much on account of which to thank God and take courage. John and Simeon had built a church capable of holding 150 persons. It was furnished with a communion-table and rails, and also with a reading-desk. Some laughed at them when they began to build, and told them they would never be able to finish, nor was it wonderful that they should have such doubts, for they were poor men—one a soldier, the other a slave. Sometimes they had not wherewithal to pay the workmen, but some unexpected help always came to hand, and at last the building was finished, and well finished too; for when a fearful hurricane visited the town, and most of the houses were levelled with the ground, the church-building stood firm.

Here also there were baptisms.

On Sunday, 11th of July, we had a very fair congregation indeed, and, during the morning service, I had the pleasure of baptizing a Sakalava by the name of Samuel. This man is a slave, and a short sketch of how he came to love the truth may not prove uninteresting. While Mr. Maundrell and I were here he knew us, though we did not know him, as he never came to our services, nor attended to our

teaching. In the providence of God he came with other Sakalavas to Andovoranto during the visit of Queen Rasoheryna to that place. As old neighbours in the north he visited us, in company with several others. The others I remember, but of him I have not the slightest recollection. It seems that he came into our house during prayers one morning, and sat down near the door. He knew nothing of praying at the time, but stood up when the rest stood, and also bent his head and covered his face when the congregation knelt in prayer.

Before leaving, he asked me for a spelling-book, on which, he says, I wrote his name. On arriving here at his home he was almost able to read, and, entering into communication with John and Simeon, they helped him in his studies. His diligence was soon rewarded, for in a short time he was ready to read well, having almost taught himself. He was then provided with a New Testament and Prayer-book, and began to attend the services of the sanctuary on the Lord's-day. In this he had much opposition from his heathen master, who, to prevent his attendance, gave him more work than usual on that day. He besought his master to tell him on Saturday what work he intended him to perform on Sunday, and he would finish it on Saturday (*i.e.* do two days work in one), in order that he might have the Lord's-day to worship his Creator. The master was so struck with his earnestness that he gave him the day to himself.

The zeal of this man is remarkable. He once thought of going to Andovoranto for baptism, but, being a slave, he could not of course go off to such a distance without the consent of his master. He conducts family prayers regularly in his little hut in the country; and at the appointed time, night and morning, some children of the village join him and his family in the prayers of our liturgy.

The conversation I had with him the day before his baptism, together with the testimony of John and Simeon, left little doubt upon my mind that he was a man who had given himself to God, and who wished to obey and serve Him. I do pray that he may be a help to our two converts whose teaching has been so blessed to him.

On Sunday, July 25th, five more persons were baptized.

Four were members of the same family—father, mother, and two children, the elder of whom can read, having been taught by his father. What makes the baptism of this family the more interesting to me is the fact of their being Sakalavas. The church was unusually crowded, and many who had not the courage or the disposition to enter stood about the doors, and looked on attentively.

Thus a Christian flock is being gathered out of various tribes. On one week-day afternoon service there were present eight persons—one a Hova, one an Antimor, another a Betsimasaraka; then two of Sakalavas of different tribes; next a creole Hova and Sakalava; a creole Hova and Betsimasaraka and a Mozambique. "It was," observes Mr. Campbell, "quite a representative assembly, and one is at liberty to imagine the probable amount of good which, by God's blessing, might result, if each of these were to spread the knowledge of Christ amongst his or her respective tribe and race."

"THERE SHALL NO EVIL HAPPEN TO THE JUST."—

PROVERBS XII. 21.

*After Horace.*—"INTEGER VITÆ."

HE who holds fast his confidence  
Safe in his Lord's Omnipotence,  
Of dirk or gun needs no defence,  
Or Colt's revolver.  
Unarmed myself have often strayed  
'Mongst thickets deep of jungle glade,  
Tiger and bear have met: they fled  
Harmless away.  
I've crossed unhurt the Lybian sands,  
Without a guard, near robber bands;  
Camels and train safe from their hands  
Pursued our way.  
Where duty calls, then fearless tread  
The land of alligators dread,  
Though snakes and scorpions 'neath thy bed  
Their venom hide.  
If sent to Arctic ice and snow,  
Where winter night reigns drear and slow,  
In search of souls, fear not to go,  
Christ's love shall cheer thee.  
Or if Mid Afric's woes invite  
Thy pity, and to give them light  
And life for slavery and night,  
Thy Master bid thee,  
Gladly obey: not fiery sun,  
Though fever through thy veins may run,  
Shall stay thee till thy work is done,  
He will not leave thee.

October, 1870.

#### VISIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO BENARES.

OUR readers know that at the beginning of the present year the Duke of Edinburgh visited India, and made a royal progress through the country, being every where received as became the son of the sovereign of India.

Amongst other places visited was the city of Benares, that great centre of Hindu idolatry, with its thousand Hindu temples, besides several hundred mosques, and amongst them one structure which sets forth the history of the past, the great mosque of Aurungzebe, with its minarets and domes, erected by that ruler on the site of a temple of great extent, dedicated to Vishnu, which he had demolished. There is now growing up in the midst of temples and mosques, a new religion, which, increasing by a divine power, shall advance from small beginnings, until it supplants and sets aside the false creeds which have so long burdened India, and overspread the land. Of this the Prince was to see something in that most unlikely of all places, the city of Benares.

We are indebted to the Rev. C. B. Leupolt for the following account. It was the second week of last January, and Mr. Leupolt had just returned from one preaching tour, intending soon to move, for the same purpose, in another direction. It is thus that our Missionaries go forth into the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges, inviting sinners to come unto the marriage supper, and fill it up with guests.

In the course of the week preparations were every where made for receiving the Prince. We, too, prepared two arches and one gateway. On the north gate leading to Secrole were the words, "Welcome;" on the opposite gate leading to Ramnugger, "Salam." Five flags adorned the gate and the tower.

On the 17th, the Prince was to arrive, and on the same day was to be the great eclipse. From the 15th the people began to stream into Benares on account of the eclipse; there was therefore plenty of work for our people, and they worked heartily and diligently.

At eight o'clock, the guns announced the arrival of the Prince. Before he arrived we went to the city. It was beautifully adorned with flags every where. At the chauk, or market-place, a bazaar was erected, called the Prince bazaar. The most costly stuffs were laid out for inspection, such as I believe no other city in the world can exhibit. At every turn of the principal places were triumphal arches, with the word "Welcome." On one arch were the words "Welcome, sailor Prince."

At half-past four in the afternoon there was a levee. I went to see the Prince and Lord Mayo. In the evening, part of the city was illuminated. Owing to the eclipse the ghauts could not be illuminated. At nine o'clock the Prince went down the river. We followed him. The observatory and some other houses looked beautifully, and coming down near the bridge the spectacle was grand. The whole bridge across the Ganges was in a blaze. A magnificent arch was erected on the city side of the bridge, and seemed to sparkle with thousands of diamonds. From Rajghat to the Commissioner's house, three and a half miles in length, the road was illuminated. At the entrance of Secrole an artificial garden had been constructed, and on coming up to it one seemed to be transported into fairy land. A tent was pitched, and I was told there was a nautch, which the Prince declared was the only stupid thing he had seen in Benares.

On the 18th, at six o'clock in the morning, the church bells called us together, for the Prince, Lord Mayo and suite were to pass through our compound. The harmonium was placed before the church: the Christians and all the children formed one long line nearly from gate to gate. We were about 300 together. At half-past seven the policemen gave the sign of the Prince's coming. I went out of the gate to direct the horsemen and to receive the Prince. As the carriage passed through the gate the bells ceased, and the singers struck up, "God save the Queen," accompanied by the harmonium and violin. Every head was at that time uncovered. There was but time for one verse. When finished, the Commissioner beckoned to me to come near the carriage. I did so, and Lord Mayo spoke a few

words. As the carriage began to move on, the bells chimed a farewell, and on passing along the row of children their little heads flew up one after another in quick succession to make their salams, which, I was told, were returned. The aid-de-camps seemed to me to be most astonished, not knowing what all this meant.

After the Prince had left we all assembled for prayers, and prayed for the Queen, the Prince, the Governor-general, the Governor, the Church Missionary Society and Committee, Missions in general, and for all men. The Lord will hear our prayers.

Perhaps the aid-de-camps may have been led to make inquiries, and learn what they did not know before, that a native Christianity is springing up in the land. True, as yet it is but a seedling, but seedlings, if not rooted up, increase until they become great trees. This seedling shall be shielded by divine protection—"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it: I will keep it night and day."

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#### CREMATION OF THE LATE KING OF SIAM.

*(From the American Missionary Magazine.)*

THE King, Chau Fa Mongkut, died October 1, 1868, and while his body, embalmed and placed in a crouching posture in a golden urn in a hall of his palace, has been surrounded by yellow-robed priests, chanting day and night, thousands of workmen have been constantly engaged in erecting the funeral pile. The largest trees have been sought in the most remote forests, and brought to make its pillars. Hundreds of gold and silversmiths have been employed on its decorations. Carpenters, painters, and artists have expended their skill on it; and acrobats, actors, gymnasts, and buffoons have been under special training for the occasion. The astrologists having decided upon a propitious day, the body was carried from the palace to the pyre in a great gilded car, with a procession of soldiers, horsemen, noblemen, and sedan-chairs, with their retinues; men called angels, in trumpet-shaped white hats, and lotus flowers in their hands; persons carrying trees bearing huge flowers, made of cloth, to be presented to the priests; monstrous fabulous animals, made of paper and wicker work, and drawn on wheels; and multitudes of people in fantastic garments.

The central spire of the building erected for the burning was two hundred and fifty feet high, the main roof a hundred feet high, with numerous gables and porches. A high roofed wall, enclosing a square acre of ground, surrounded it, and at each corner, and in the centre of each side of the wall, was a temple, smaller than but similar to the central one. These again were surrounded by lesser temples. The walls, roofs and spires of all were gilded, and reflected dazzlingly the rays of the burning sun. The enclosure was floored with bamboo matting; the entrances were hung with scarlet cloth, embroidered with gold; and the numerous pillars supporting the roofs were covered

with scarlet cloth, decorated with gold. The whole, particularly by moonlight and lamplight, when the shabbiness of the work was not observable, seemed the effect of enchantment.

In the centre of all, under the loftiest spire, rose the "Golden Mountain," a pyramidal structure, glittering with gold and (false) gems, on the top of which the urn containing the dead king was placed. There it remained for ten days, while all around outside the wall of the *pramane* there were theatrical and gymnastic performances, walking on tight-ropes, fireworks, transparencies, sham-fights and tournaments, lantern-dances, and the throwing of lines containing small coins among the people, who came in crowds, with heads closely shaven, and in white mourning garments, to the festivities.

On the 18th inst. the golden urn was covered by one of sandal-wood. Scented candles and fragrant woods were put under it, and set on fire in the presence of the king, nobles, priests, foreign consuls, and residents, and multitudes of people. The flames entered through the iron grating in the bottom of the urn, and burst out at the top, red, green, and yellow, with volumes of smoke. The priests fed the fire with flowers of sandal-wood shavings, while the women and musical instruments wailed. In three hours nothing was left of what had been the best King of Siam but a few black coals, which were put into a small golden urn, to be preserved with the bones of his predecessors, and a few ashes, which were scattered next day in the waters of the Meinam.

The festivities continued three days after the burning, and the temple built for the occasion is now being taken down.

The son of Chau Fa Mongkut, Maha Chulalongkorn, seventeen years old, now reigns in his stead.

#### THE LEPER ASYLUM, CALCUTTA.

THE following touching account of this Institution is copied from the Forty-fifth Report of the Calcutta Church Missionary Association.

There is no class of society more entitled to our generous sympathy than the lepers. Jesus felt for and befriended them in the days of His flesh. They may truly say, "The hand of God is heavy upon us." They have not, like many, brought their sufferings on themselves. Many have inherited their sorrows from their parents; others have, in some mysterious way, caught the deadly malady. All alike are without hope. Physically, they are of all men most miserable. The effects of the disease are various. Some linger for years. One poor woman died after twenty years' suffering. The majority succumb in a year or two. They have hours of terrible torture. As the fatal virus careers through the decaying body, attacking new localities, or opening out old wounds, the poor victim has to endure agonies which he alone can understand. Then follows a respite of weeks, perhaps months; but death is all the while advancing. For their bodies there is neither life nor hope; blessed be God! there is both for their souls. We look back with grateful satisfaction upon the work which our

eyes have witnessed among these poor people. Since we commenced their visitation, about forty have been brought to the knowledge of Christ. More undoubted evidences of renewing grace, and more cheering tokens of Christian consistency, could not be witnessed any where than has been seen in the wards of this Asylum. Quite half the number of the baptized have gone to their rest. Ever and anon have the sounds of triumph been heard from the lips of a dying leper, whilst bright angels have stood ready to bear him to Abraham's bosom.

The history of one or two baptized during the past year is worthy of note. Dinoo has been for many years a patient. The poor thing was about as repulsive an object as you could gaze upon. For more than eight years did she listen to the message of the cross unmoved, at least so far as we could see. She was a Hindu, and appeared resolved to live and die such. As years passed on, we began to feel more and more hopeless of her conversion. Unbelief sometimes said, "She is joined to her idols; let her alone." But God had not cast her off, and we are thankful to say that we persevered in giving her a word in season every time we visited the Asylum. All the time, unseen to us, convictions were growing upon her. At length, about four months ago, she came to us and opened her mind—"Ah!" said she, with genuine feeling, "I now see what a guilty sinner I am. I am convinced that there is none but Christ who can save me. I believe in Him with all my heart, and desire to be numbered amongst His people." These were grateful sounds to our desponding hearts. They seemed reprovingly to say, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Dinoo was baptized. One month ago she fell asleep. Sore were her sufferings, but sweet was the peace and repose of her soul. She died in the early morn, surrounded by her leper sisters. They testified that her end was peace, and that, during the whole of the previous night, one soft whisper ever and anon escaped her lips—it was the name which is above every name—the soothing name of Jesus.

Horo's story is worth reciting. She is a Brahminee: she was a devout worshipper of the gods. Years ago she fell ill. Her disease none could define: it was regarded as an infliction of the evil spirits, and could only be remedied by long and painful pilgrimages. These she readily undertook. She visited all the principal shrines in India, but in vain: the disease gathered strength. God's hand directed her to Calcutta. She became a patient in the Sealdah Hospital. There she met with our native-Christian Bible woman. The tidings of a free salvation she had never heard before; they fell with power on her ear. By and by it was decided that her disease was actual leprosy. She was admitted into the Asylum, and, six months ago, was by baptism received into the church. She appears to be an intelligent and happy Christian.

Gour Dass was a Boyragee: he had been a religious devotee. He had, forty years ago, renounced the world, and wandered about with all the dirty sanctity of a fakeer. He had been four years in the Asylum. During all this time he has listened respectfully to the word of exhortation, but showed no impression. Three months ago he also made a confession of his faith in Christ, and was baptized.



There is one pleasing feature in connexion with all these conversions. There is no room for sinister motives: no temporal advantage of any kind accrues from the embracing of the truth. Worldly advancement of any sort is beyond their reach, and, with the exception of joining their Christian brethren and enjoying their society, their present condition is in no degree bettered by the change of religion. It is true—and it is a thing worth noting—that an air of comfort, cleanliness and order pervades the Christian wards, which is not to be seen in the Hindu and Mussulman departments; but this is only the legitimate effect of Christianity. These poor people, on becoming Christians, seem almost instinctively to develop ideas of civilization and order far in advance of what they had evinced in their previous state.

#### JAPAN.

THE most recent information which we have received from this country is contained in the following letter from Rev. G. Ensor, September 13—

We are thankful to our Heavenly Father that He has preserved us through another Eastern summer in health and peace. It was one of most unusual severity for even this, one of the most southern spots in Japan. Predicted by extreme cold in the previous winter, it fully atoned for the mildness of last summer. Once again the golden crops of wheat have been housed in the early spring, and the barley harvest, in common with Palestine, early enough to date from it the approach of Easter-day. The plains are again rich with the beautiful rice of Japan, which promises an abundant supply to the long-exhausted garnerers of the poor and rich alike. The evenings are now closing in with a grateful and delicious coolness, refreshing and invigorating the frames relaxed by the suns of a long and trying summer.

Summer is generally spent by the people of the country at their homes. In the cool of the autumn they leave their abodes, and find their way to the open ports, where they see and purchase the strange commodities of the foreign merchants, and many a lesson of precious truth, and many a leaf of holy writ finds its way to spots never yet visited by foreign feet. During the last year I have been engaged in the translation of St. Matthew's Gospel, which is finished, and that of Mark is well commenced.

America is showing itself in earnest in desiring to benefit Japan. A new Mission is now located at Kobe, an open and flourishing port in the inland sea. Another is expected at this port (Nagasaki).

Meanwhile the Government seems freely bent on stamping out the smouldering elements of Christianity. Shintoo priests have been sent from the spiritual capital to explain the principles of the new and of the national faith; and this has been followed by a large and sweeping injunction for every member of Nagasaki to present himself for registration and worship at the principal Shintoo temple of Nagasaki, the one dedicated to the patron deity of the place. I am informed credibly that this is to be general throughout Japan. I seem to tremble for the results, for Christians are not few in this land. How long shall we see Satan rule here?



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTICES OF IBADAN, IJAYE, AND OYO . . . . .	133
TIDINGS FROM MADAGASCAR . . . . .	136
POETRY: "THERE SHALL NO EVIL HAPPEN TO THE JUST". . . . .	139
VISIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO BENARES . . . . .	139
CREMATION OF THE LATE KING OF SIAM . . . . .	141
THE LEPER ASYLUM, CALCUTTA . . . . .	142
JAPAN . . . . .	144

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